Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reasoning so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to businessmen.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, '13

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain F. A. O. Stuart; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Joe. Donlein; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Postoffice May be Delayed.

Although the appropriation for the new Postoffice for Newport was passed by the last Congress, it is doubtful if we shall see the new building for quite some time yet. It has not yet been found possible to agree with the owners of the land that it is desired to take as to the amount to be paid for the property and condemnation proceedings may be necessary. Inasmuch as there is a specific sum, $100,000, allowed for the purchase of land, and there is no way of knowing in advance what sum might be allowed by a court, it is possible that it may be deemed advisable to await the completion of all court proceedings before taking possession of any of the land.

Furthermore it is said that there is great congestion in the office of the chief architect in Washington, a great deal of work for public buildings having accumulated and proceeding through the office in regular order, so that it may be some time before the Newport Postoffice plans are completed. Various surveyors and engineers have been seen about the property in the past two weeks, making measurements, thus giving evidence of some activity in the matter.

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, entertained its members and their friends on Tuesday evening, an interesting programme being rendered. Worthy Matron Mrs. Frank P. King spoke a few words of welcome, and Worthy Patron Charles W. Cowles acted as master of ceremonies. Among those who participated in the programme were Mr. John H. Allan, Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy, Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn, Miss Elaine Meikle, Mr. John T. Freeman and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr. Following the entertainment a supper of salad, ice cream and coffee was served. Informal dancing followed.

Mr. John O. Williams died at his home on Colonial street on Saturday, after being in poor health for some time. He was a painter by trade and had been employed by some of the principal contractors of the city, besides working at the Old Colony shops. At one time he was engaged in business for himself, but of late he had been employed at the Realty Building. He was an active member of Weenat Shassit Tribe of Red Men, and had filled minor offices in that organization. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, the latter being married.

There was a rush of fire apparatus through Thames street, Wednesday forenoon, Box 31 on the Police Station being the objective point. Crossed wires had resulted in striking an uncertain alarm, and the apparatus that responded was quickly sent back to the houses.

Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum will celebrate its thirty-fourth birthday on April 11 by an interesting entertainment. Special talent will be brought from Boston and an enjoyable evening is promised.

Maine ice is already beginning to come in, a schooner load having been landed here this week.

Board of Aldermen.

The monthly session of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening was a long and busy one, beginning with routine business and ending up with further talk on automobile fire apparatus. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	$1,846.46
City Asylum	353.87
Fire department	1,619.91
Streets and highways	1,180.94
Police	387.75
Police, outdoor relief	266.65
Parks	586.81
Public schools	1,658.77
Public schools, Ellen Townsend fund	96.33
Various city offices	600.59
Council and aldermen	415.97
Courts	135.10
City Hall	71.55
Miscellaneous, public charities	17.75
Public weights and measures	16.88
Hospitals	298.80
Lighting streets	3,184.55
Cemeteries	9.00
Dog fund	62.00
Easton's beach buildings	491.66
Touro Synagogue fund	4.92
	$12,550.98

The matter of protection for buildings on the King estate recently given to the city was called up, and it was found impossible to have a policeman on duty there all the time as there was no appropriation available. The matter was left open for a time. The recommendation of Chief Kirwin for wooden poles on Beach and Catherine streets was laid on the table for two weeks, to give opportunity for remonstrances. On recommendation of the board of firewards Charles C. Perkins and Leon M. Shaw were elected hosemen of Steamer 5. A protest against placing on the Richmond lot was received from John H. Brierley and others.

The committee appointed to examine into the claim of Louis Andriesse for damages as the result of a fall on Thames street, recommended that the petitioner be given leave to withdraw and the recommendation was adopted. On recommendation of the overseers of the City Asylum the contract for electric wiring at the Asylum was awarded to Scannevin & Potter, and for painting to George F. Lawton, these being the lowest bidders.

There were many bids for supplying hose for fire department, but only one conformed to the specifications which called for a specific quality. The bid of W. A. Maher, representing the Combination Ladder Company, at 90 cents a foot, was accepted, although other bidders explained that their hose was just as good. The contract for coal for the fire department was awarded to the A. Almy Company at $7.25.

Mr. J. A. Webber, of the La France Fire Engine Company came before the board to give a talk on the merits of his machines. He went into detail, and by reason of their long study of the question the members of the board were able to follow his explanations. He advised, however, that before the board purchases a pumping outfit the exhibit at the fire chiefs' convention in New York next summer be looked into carefully.

It is probable that the board of aldermen will call a meeting of the representative council to see if the council will rescind from its vote to buy a horse-drawn steam fire engine, as most people are convinced that the purchase of that kind of an engine would not be a wise move.

At the weekly meeting on Thursday evening, City Solicitor Sullivan brought up the Washington street boulevard matter. In view of the court decision he thought it advisable for the city to withdraw its action, and allow the representative council to start proceedings anew. A committee was appointed to confer with property owners to see if agreements could be reached without further court action.

There was also some talk about another entrance to the Beach, to permit driving on the sands during the spring and fall. The old carriage entrance has been closed and it was proposed to arrange for a drive at the west end, a committee being appointed to consider the matter.

Weekly bills and payrolls were approved and routine business was transacted. There were many applications for tavern licenses and an executive session was held to consider them. Although there was some opposition to granting tavern licenses to any but genuine hotels, all the applications were granted.

Thanks to the efforts of Mayor MacLeod the sidewalks of Newport are a little more passable than they have been. Many of the small storekeepers have for years monopolized the sidewalks for the display of their goods, and this has now been ordered to cease, so that pedestrians may have a chance.

Mr. T. T. Bowler is at Block Island taking orders for summer furnishings for the hotels and cottages there in the interests of the Titus Company. Mr. Bowler has a host of friends on the Island and controls a large portion of the trade in his line.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham and Miss Etta Peckham have returned from Washington.

The Carpenters Strike.

Work in the carpentering line in Newport is practically at a standstill owing to a strike of the carpenters. Most of the men are out, and in consequence there is very little doing in the way of new construction or repair. Some of the contractors that employ only non-union men are still at work, and some of the contractors from out of town who are working on jobs in the summer colony have acceded to the demands and have men steadily at work but most of the Newport contractors are hung up. This does not mean that all construction work has ceased for masons and other trades are working, where the carpenter work has advanced to such a stage that they can be employed, but still the strike is felt in many quarters.

The carpenters union made a demand upon the master carpenters for $4.40 a day, while they have been receiving $3.76 a day. This increase the contractors were unwilling to meet, although a compromise offer of $4.00 a day was made and refused by the union. On the first of April a strike was ordered, and it is stated that practically all the members of the union responded to the order. The carpenter work at the Beach has practically ceased, only a few men in other trades being engaged in work there.

It is not believed that conditions can exist very long as they are at present, but what the result will be cannot now be foreseen. Both sides seem to be standing pat and waiting further developments. There are men at the union headquarters in the Southwick building every day, and pickets are kept out to look for imported strike breakers.

Prompt Payment.

The late Ralph R. Barker at the time of his death was a member of Ocean Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen. The claim of his widow was approved by the finance committee on March 29 and on April 1st the check for the full amount was forwarded to Mr. Perry B. Dawley of Ocean Lodge, to be paid to Mrs. Barker. This is prompt payment of death claims.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Augusta Cowles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Cowles, and Mr. Alton F. Coggeshall of Middletown took place in the rectory of Emmanuel Church on Wednesday evening in the presence of relatives and immediate friends. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Jessie M. Cowles, and her brother, Mr. Harry Lee Cowles was the best man. Following the ceremony there was a reception at the residence of the bride's parents on Bateman avenue, and later Mr. and Mrs. Coggeshall left on the New York boat for their wedding trip. Mrs. Coggeshall was until recently the principal of the Clarke school and has a host of friends.

April came in very much like a typical March day, with the thermometer and the barometer doing some ground and lofty tumbling. It was April Fool's day as far as the weather was concerned, with a new and surprising variety every hour of the day. High winds prevailed at intervals, and the mercury slid up and down the tube rapidly. In the early evening it was warm and springlike, with hardly a breath of air, but within a short time a cold wind arose and sent the temperature down rapidly. Those who had gone out in the early evening dressed for spring wished for their winter clothes before they reached home again.

The marriage of Mr. Carl J. Voigt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Voigt, and Miss Alice V. Quarry, took place at St. Joseph's Church on Monday morning in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Higney. Miss Kitty Shields was the bridesmaid and Mr. Ernst Voigt, Jr., was the best man. The ushers were Messrs. Henry Sweeney, Otto Voigt, Edward Quarry, and Michael MacDonald. Mr. and Mrs. Voigt are enjoying a wedding trip through the South and will make their home in this city.

Mr. Helmes Jouvet, foreman of the MERCURY, passed his seventy-seventh birthday on Friday, when the office employes presented him with a handsome cake. He is probably the oldest active printer in Rhode Island. He was first employed on the MERCURY sixty-two years ago, and although he afterward left this office for a few years, he has been employed here for the past fifty-one years without a break. That is some record.

Mr. Harry L. Burbidge, the veteran motorman, is critically ill following an operation, and little hope is expressed for his recovery.

Mr. Alfred M. King is seriously ill with ulcers of the stomach. His condition has been regarded as dangerous for several days.

Decision in Boulevard Case.

After many years some action has been obtained in the Washington street boulevard case, Judge Barrows of the Superior Court having filed a rescript with Clerk Harvey in this city. This rescript applies to the demurrers filed by the city, the demurrers being over ruled. The case may be carried to the Supreme Court on appeal, but the decision of Judge Barrows seems to outline the course that the city can pursue if it wishes to build the boulevard by starting entirely anew and having the representative council, rather than the board of aldermen, take the initiative. The decision of Judge Barrows is a very important one, to Newport, not only as concerns the present case itself, but as showing the proper relations between the representative council and the board of aldermen.

The gist of Judge Barrows' decision is as follows:

In this case the board of aldermen of the City of Newport passed a resolution on November 27, 1909, adjudging it to be necessary to lay out a certain new highway therein described and appointed three commissioners to survey and mark out said highway, and agree with the owners of land taken as to damages, said commissioners performed their duties and made a report of their doings on July 7th, 1910, to the board of aldermen, which board received and approved the report and in addition thereto fixed the damages of those land owners with whom the commission had not been able to agree. Among these land owners was the plaintiff, Milens A. Fletcher. The board ordered and decreed that the highway as set forth in the report be established and that fences and other impediments thereon be removed. After said decree plaintiff appealed therefrom on August 15, 1910, and on August 24th filed six reasons of appeal, to which a seventh was added on April 3rd, 1911, by consent of court and without consideration of its merits as stated by both counsel. The formal manner of allowance of the last reason of appeal is now referred to because the matter was immediately certified to the Supreme Court as a question of doubt and importance under General Laws, chapter 298, paragraph 5, by Justice Baker, who allowed said last reason of appeal. Thereafter the papers in the case were returned to the superior court without answering the question because of improper certification, and a second reason which may perhaps be considered as obiter dictum was given by the supreme court for its opinion, to-wit: that the superior court, by allowing the amendment adding the seventh reason of appeal, had necessarily passed on the merits of the same and held it, if sustained, a valid and legal objection to the report. The reasons of appeal numbered 1, 2 and 7 are now sought to be brought in question by demurrer. These reasons are as follows:

1. That the board of aldermen of the city of Newport had no authority to make the decree appealed from.

2. That the representative council of the city of Newport did not adjudge the laying out of said highway to be necessary as required by law.

7. The representative council of the city of Newport had made no appropriation sufficient to meet the expenses of the laying out of said highway.

As to the seventh, this court has doubts as to the propriety of its giving an opinion, but in view of the fact that counsel believe it raises an important question of law and that it now stands no exception can be taken to what was a purely formal manner of deciding said question when allowance of said seventh reason of appeal was made, this court decides that said seventh reason states a good and valid objection to the action of the board because of section 19 of the city charter of said city, which provides that "no expenditure shall be made, nor liability incurred, by or in behalf of the city until an appropriation has been duly voted by the representative council sufficient to meet such expenditure or liability." This finding is made for the purpose of giving the parties opportunity to take exceptions and raise the question of the sufficiency of said reason if the supreme court believes that the matter is not res adjudicata.

The question raised by the demurrer to the first and second reasons of appeal is whether the board of aldermen without the order or direction of the representative council has authority under the city charter to order the layout of highways. The answer depends on Sections 2, 4, 10, 22 and 23 of the city charter and chapter 82, paragraph 1 of the general laws.

The real conflict seems to occur between Sec. 10 and Sec. 23. In Sec. 10 the council is expressly given power relative to ordering streets and highways to be made. Sec. 23 confers on the board of aldermen, unless otherwise specially provided, the powers now conferred by statute on town councils, which powers by Chap. 82, Sec. 1 of the General Laws, above quoted, include the ordering of highways to be laid out. It seems to the court that the provision of Sec. 10 makes the representative council the body which has the power to order highways to be made, and that the subject is therefore specially provided for and thus excepted from Sec. 23.

Assuming, however, that the matter has not been specially provided for, the question remains: Can Sec. 10 and Sec. 23 be so construed as to give each section a meaning.

It is suggested by the plaintiff that by construing Sec. 23 to mean that the board of aldermen shall not lay out a highway without prior request from the city council, as is expressly shown by the latter portion of Chap. 82, Sec. 1, relative to the city of Providence, we give both sections a meaning and effect. This view the court believes to be tenable.

The scope of the city charter contemplates the council as the real initiating body in all matters of public welfare. The mayor and the board of aldermen are the executive authority. They carry out the ordinances and regulations of the council. See Sec. 2, Sec. 4, and Sec. 22 of the charter quoted supra. Sec. 15 of the charter, not quoted above, gives to the council power to delegate to the board such ministerial powers as it possesses. This, it seems to the court, is another intimation that the board is in a sense the servant of the council. It has been held by our supreme court that the execution of the town council's authority to lay out highways may be by a commission or by a highway surveyor.

It therefore seems that the construction suggested that the board is the agent of the council in laying out highways, gives effect to all provisions of the statutes and that both Sec. 10 and Sec. 23 of the city charter can in this way be given effect.

The demurrer to reasons 1 and 2 is therefore overruled, as well as to reason 7, if properly before this court.

Recent Deaths.

Captain Eugene Sullivan.

Captain Eugene Sullivan, one of the oldest residents of Newport, died at his home on Milburn court on Sunday after a comparatively short illness. He was about ninety-three years of age and his aged frame could not resist the ravages of disease. He was born in Ireland, but had resided in Newport for more than sixty years, being engaged in freighting on the Bay for a long time. After advancing years began to tell upon him he secured an appointment as caretaker at the Ann street pier, and he put in many hours of hard work there. He was a man of rugged disposition, and long after he had passed the allotted span of life he was able to accomplish more work than men many years his junior.

Captain Sullivan was one of the workers on original St. Mary's Church, doing valiant service as a volunteer in the days when the parish was struggling to build a church home. He is survived by but one son, Mr. Daniel E. Sullivan, all the others of a large family of children having passed away.

Charles M. Stone.

Newport friends of Mr. Charles M. Stone were greatly shocked to learn of his sudden death at his home in Providence on Monday afternoon. He had not apparently been in poor health at all, and was around the house as usual. His housekeeper heard a heavy fall and hurrying to locate the trouble found him lying dead upon the floor.

Mr. Stone was the father of Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, who was rector of Trinity Church in this city for a number of years. He made his home for a time in Newport, but after the death of his son he removed to Providence where he had since resided. His wife died last July, and he is survived by one son, Mr. Allison Stone.

Mr. Stone was born in the town of Foster, but the greater part of his life was spent in Providence, where he was engaged in the jewelry business for a number of years. He took much interest in Newport affairs while he resided in this city, and had made many visits to friends here since his return to Providence. He was seventy-six years of age.

Richard L. Willing.

Mr. Richard Lloyd Willing, a former resident of Newport and a member of the famous Willing family of Philadelphia, died at his home in the city on Tuesday. He owned an attractive residence in Newport for a number of years, but of late he had not been in this city. He was formerly well known as an athlete, being one of the contestants in the first National Tennis Tournament ever held in Newport. He was one of the original members of the Newport Casino and took an active interest in the starting of that institution.

The remains were brought to this city on Thursday for interment.

The Nobles of the Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, will have a big time in Newport on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, April 26. Arrangements have been made for an initiation and banquet in this city on that date to be attended by a large number of members from Providence, Palestine Temple, to which the Newport Shriners belong, is located in Providence, but it has been decided to hold a meeting of the Temple in Newport at that time. The famous Palestine Temple Band and the Shrine Patrol will come down from Providence, with a large number of the Nobles, and he degrees will be worked upon a large class of candidates from this city. The initiation will probably be held in the Colonial Theatre during the afternoon, to be followed by a banquet at Masonic Hall in the evening. It is proposed to hold at least one meeting a year in Newport hereafter.

Col. and Mrs. John C. Seabury and Mr. and Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham have returned from Florida. In spite of the disastrous storms that swept through some of the Southern States, especially along the Gulf recently, Florida escaped them all. Mr. Peckham says that he has never found Florida more delightful than it was on this trip.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

BOARD OF CANVASSERS—The Town Council held a session as a Board of Canvassers on Friday, March 28, and canvassed and completed the lists of voters for the annual town meeting. From the general list thirteen names were struck off and one added, leaving a total of 228.

Annual Town Meeting. The first session of the annual town meeting was held on Wednesday, April 2, beginning at ten o'clock. The town having voted to accept the secret ballot law, only the election of town officers could be proceeded with, notwithstanding only one party had made nominations therefor. The balloting continued until twenty minutes past four, but only 127 ballots were received, while 201 voters refrained from voting. William L. Brown presided as Moderator and George Peabody, Gilbert T. Elliott, Dennis J. Murphy and Richard H. Wheeler acted as Supervisors. The nominees of the Republican caucus were all elected, with only a few scattering votes against them. The vote in detail ran as follows:

Moderator: William L. Brown 121.

Town Clerk. Albert L. Chase 122, Philip Caswell 1.

Town Council.

No. 1. James H. Barker 117, scattering 8.

No. 2. Lewis R. Manchester 116, scattering 8.

No. 3. Joseph E. Kline 117, scattering 2.

No. 4. David A. Brown 118, scattering 1.

No. 5. James R. Chase 2nd 116, scattering 3.

Overseers of the Poor, James H. Barker, 118; Lewis R. Manchester 112; Joseph E. Kline 118; David A. Brown 114; James R. Chase, 2nd, 113

Justices of the Peace. Elisha O. Peckham 115; Henry C. Sherman 112; Rescom Peckham 118; Edward M. Peirce 112.

Town Treasurer. Clifton B. Ward 117, scattering 1.

Town Sergeant. Thomas G. Ward 118, scattering 1.

Assessors of Taxes. A. Herbert Ward 115; Alden P. Barker 110; Henry C. Sherman, Jr., 115; William S. Coggeshall 117; Edward E. Peckham 115.

Collector of Taxes. John H. Peckham 116.

Fence Viewers. Percy T. Bailey 111, scattering 2; Howard G. Peckham 112; Frank T. Peckham 112.

Auctioneers. Harvey F. Copeland 110; John Nicholson 112, James A. Taber 112; Edward E. Peckham 111.

Town Auditors. Alfred S. Ward 114; Harold R. Chase 114; William J. Peckham 114.

Cemetery Committee. Charles Peckham 114; George Peabody 116; Venzelaus A. Vanicek 113, scattering 1.

Public School Committee for two years. Fred P. Webber 114.

Public School Committee for three years. Stewart Robie 116; Lilla P. Peckham 112, scattering 8.

An adjournment was taken to Saturday, April 5, at one p. m., when the rate of town tax will be determined, the appropriations made and the various items of business mentioned in the town meeting notice, will be voted on, including the propositions to appropriate $1000.00 for acquiring the necessary land for straightening the highway leading to the bridge over the creek at Easton's Beach, and for reconstructing the bridge, and the proposition to appropriate $9000.00 for new school buildings.

Announcement is made that a sufficient sum has been subscribed to permit of the purchase of the old Vernon House on Clarke and Mary streets for the Charity Organization Society. This announcement is very pleasing to the friends of the society who have been working hard to raise the $10,000 necessary. The house will be used as the headquarters of the society and also some revenue will probably be derived from renting rooms to other organizations.

The marriage of Miss Martha V. King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter King, and Mr. Robert S. Gash, Jr., took place at Emmanuel Church on Wednesday morning, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D. Miss Margaret Weaver was the bridesmaid and Mr. Howard Radford was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Gash started on their wedding trip soon after the ceremony and will make their home on Pleasant street upon their return.

Spring has arrived as far as the highway department is concerned, and work has been begun in putting the streets into condition for summer traffic. The three big steam rollers were taken from their winter quarters on Monday and started for their various destinations for spring work. One of the rollers is at work on Ocean avenue, as this is always one of the first of the streets to be put into condition, after the wash of the winter storms.

The death of J. Pierpont Morgan comes closely home to Newport, as he was associated with a number of interests here. He was a director in the Newport Trust Company, and of a number of Newport Clubs. The Graves Point Fishing Club was practically his private property and he enjoyed a days fishing off the rocks.

Mr. Stuart Duncan has been in this city this week looking over his property in connection with the beginning of work on his new house. It is doubtful if a real start will be made for some little time, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan will probably occupy the old Ambassador White place for the present season.

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

(Copyright by the International Press Bureau.)

MY FIRST CASE

"Getting" the Man Who Hung a Jury

Up to the day that the manager of the New York office of the Burns Detective Agency handed me an order for $50 expense money and started me up the Hudson river on my first manhunt, I had never done anything in my life that might have been suspected of even remotely resembling detective work. I probably knew as little about the business as anybody in the country, and I had never had any yearning or intention to become a detective. But I was 36 years old, out of work, almost broke—in New York!—had a family to support and, most important of all, I happened to have met the celebrated detective who is the head of the agency by which I came to be employed, the largest reputable private detective agency in the country. That was why I became, and am, a private detective.

One morning I found myself at 42d street and Broadway, looking at the newspaper bulletins and wondering how long my money would last and where in the world I should turn for a job. One of the bulletins read:

"Detective Burns Nabs More Bribers."

That bulletin did the trick.

"He may remember me," I thought, "and he may know of a job to fit me."

I went straight down town to the office of the agency of which the big man is the head and asked if he was in.

"What do you want of him?" asked the office manager.

I was desperate. I said: "I know him, and I want a job."

He looked me over, went into an inner office for a while, and reappeared, bearing an application blank. The office, and everything in it, was just as it would be in an up-to-date business office. The business of the place might as well have been selling insurance as hunting criminals. The application blank had all the conventional questions of such a paper, and in addition these:

"Were you ever connected with any police force, or any detective agency? Are you acquainted with any police officials, or any one employed by detective agencies?

"Were you ever employed by any railroad?

"Do you know anything about the newspaper business?

"Have you a large number of acquaintances, and can you keep your occupation from your friends and acquaintances?"

"Fill that out," said the office manager. He had not even asked me if I wanted to become a detective, and but for the last questions on the blank I would not have known that he was considering me as an applicant for such a position.

"I've never done any detective work in my life," I said.

"Good," he said. "If you had, we wouldn't have you. Fill out the blank."

When it was filled out he took it and disappeared again. He was back in three minutes.

"All right," he said, sitting down at his desk and picking up some papers. "There's a man up in Peeksville (a small town on the Hudson river near New York), who hung the jury in a damage suit. Want you to go up and get him. Here's the dope."

He began to read from the papers in his hand. The gist of it was that one Kellner, a New York contractor, had done $100,000 worth of work on the water supply system of the town of Peeksville. When the time came for him to render his bill he had been approached by one of the town's political powers, Bruley by name, and commissioner of public works, who let it be known that if he would make out a bill for $130,000, it would be allowed in full without protest or question, and that $5,000 of the $30,000 overcharge would go to him as a reward for placing certain officials in the way of fingering $25,000 of the people's money.

Kellner had refused. When he rendered his rightful bill for $100,000 the powers in the city hall calmly cut it to $85,000, claiming that portions of the work were poorly done; that parts of the contract had been awarded illegally, but in reality merely getting even with Kellner for refusing to assist them to some easy graft.

Kellner promptly sued. He had a case so strong, and public opinion was so strongly aroused over the exposed scandal, that recovery of his $15,000 seemed a foregone conclusion. But the would-be grafters had managed to place the nigger in the woodpile in the shape of one of their clan on the jury. Eleven of the jurymen on the first ballot had voted for a full judgment for Kellner. The twelfth man had voted "no" on that ballot, and on the second, and the third, and on every ballot for the next twenty-four hours. He had hung the jury, and the case was a mis-trial. The man's name was Harry Donlin, a real estate agent.

"That's the man you've got to get," said the office manager. "He did the trick, and he's been spending money ever since. We've got to have a full confession from him that we can use as evidence, and it's got to be in writing and sworn to, or told in the hearing of at least two people: who gave him the bribe, when, and what for. And we've got to get it in a hurry, too, because the new trial is coming on in less than a month. Have you got any money?"

I didn't have enough to be worth mentioning. He drew a pink pad to him, wrote out an order on the cashier for $50 and handed it to me.

"Get up there right away," he said. "You can get a train every hour on the even hour. Here are some report forms. Write a full report of your doings every day and mail it every evening. Don't forget to make your report cover all your time."

That was how I entered this business. I had been accustomed to seeing things move with businesslike expediency in other offices, but this beat all records. Thirty minutes before I had entered the office inquiring for the chief. I had not seen the chief, had not been questioned; but here I was handed $50, sent out on what seemed to me like a complicated case of detective work, and being calmly told to get a full confession from a man I knew no more about than about Adam.

"They are just trying me out to see how I act," I thought, as I took the money order. So I said: "All right. When shall I report here again?"

"We will let you know," was the answer.

I caught a three o'clock train on the New York Central and took a seat in the smoking car. Across the aisle lolled a tall, lanky, good-natured young fellow whose ticket, stuck in the seat in front of him, showed that he was going to Peeksville, my destination. On the chance that he lived in the town, or knew something about it, I took out my pipe, stuffed it, and began to search, ostentatiously, for the matches I pretended not to have. I drew his attention first, then said: "You don't happen to have an extra match, do you?"

"Sure," he said, and began to dig. I crossed over and sat down beside him. As I accepted the match and prepared to light my pipe I stuck my ticket in the seat before us, where he could not fail to see it.

"Going to Peeksville, too?" he said, genially.

"Yes," I said, puffing away. "You going there?"

"Yep," he said. "I live there. You don't live there, do you?"

"No," I answered.

"Thought not," said my friend. "I know everybody there. Peeksville is a mighty nice little place." He looked me over. I was prosperous looking.

"Say," he said, "if you're thinking of buying a place up there you want to see Donlin by all means. He's the agent for the best real estate bargains in town. I'm a friend of his, and I know he's right."

Donlin was the man I was after. I pretended to misunderstand the name. "Who? Donaldson?"

"Donlin," he corrected. "Harry Donlin. I'll introduce you to him if you wish when we get up there."

I did my best to get on a friendly basis with my good natured young friend, and by the time we neared our destination I knew that his name was Daley, he knew that mine was Cornell, and we were getting along so well that when we stepped from the train we walked straight across the street to have a friendly glass of beer.

In the barroom we ran into a short, heavy set man, with a nervous, twitching mouth, and restless eyes. He was one of the most worried looking men I have ever seen.

"Ah, hello, Harry!" bawled Daley. "Say, Harry, I want to introduce you to an old friend of mine from Chicago. Mr. Cornell, like to have you meet Mr. Donlin. Mr. Donlin's an old pal of mine, too."

Mr. Donlin's expression relaxed a little when he heard that I was "an old friend of Daley's." It was obviously a relief to him to hear that I was known by one of his "pals," and he showed it by greeting me in a hearty manner, and by insisting on buying drinks. I told him that I might be interested in a house in Peeksville, and he began to treat me with considerable deference. When I left him for the evening we had made an appointment for ten o'clock next morning to make a tour of inspection of the desirable houses for sale in Peeksville.

We drove through the town, and looked at half a dozen little houses. I was not particularly impressed with any of them, or at least pretended not to be. There was one that I told Donlin might do—if I decided that the town was to my liking.

For the next two days he spent about half of his time and some of his money proving to me that he was a good fellow, and that the town was full of good fellows. On the second day he was calling me by my first name, and I was reciprocating. He was an easy-going, not over-brilliant Irishman, who apparently was afraid ever to become entirely sober, and who never wanted to be without a congenial companion to talk to. He was plainly living under a great strain.

On the third day a letter from the office directed me to come in to the New York office that evening.

"Go in and see the chief," said the office manager when I reported. The chief was in his private office with my reports on his desk before him.

"Well," he said, without troubling about a greeting, "you're showing considerable speed for a big fellow. I guess you'd better begin to do the crook stall right away. You're from Chicago. You got into a little trouble out there and you had to leave. You are keeping out of sight of the Chicago authorities, and you picked out Peeksville as a likely place to hide in. You understand, don't you?"

"I'm to pose as a crook?"

"Certainly. This man Donlin is a natural blabber, who'll talk if you get close to him. You have got a good start by pretending to be looking for a house. Now, tomorrow you stall about being afraid of going out so much; keep under cover. Stay in your room a lot. Begin to fight shy of the house proposition. Let your man know that you're a little afraid of him. Keep away from him. Make him come to you. Then let him pump it out of you that you're hiding, and that you cleaned up big on a crooked deal in Chicago. We'll have a letter written to you from the Chicago office. Lose this letter where your man will find and read it, and your stall as a crook will make good. And if he begins to show any inclination to tell you his own secrets, at first tell him you don't want to hear them; that you've got troubles enough of your own. Understand? And the next time you come into the office cover your tracks by going through some building with two entrances before coming here."

I went back to Peeksville, and the next day I stayed in my room. I had my meals sent up and sent a boy out for some magazines to read. I went out for a walk at night, keeping entirely to the dark side streets. The clerk eyed me rather strangely as I returned, and I knew that soon Donlin would hear about my strange conduct.

The next day I did the same thing. In the evening there was a knock at my door.

"Who is it?" I demanded, sharply.

"Donlin," came the answer. "What's the matter, old man? Feeling sick?"

After delaying a moment I opened the door a little, looked out, as if to assure myself that it was Donlin, and let him in. He looked at me curiously.

"You aren't sick, are you?" he said.

"No," I said. "I just stayed in my room, that's all."

He kept looking at me steadily. "Anything gone wrong?" he said.

"Oh, no," I said. "No, I just got tired of showing myself—of running around so much."

I had never had any experience in acting before, but let me say here that such success as I have had as a detective has been due more to the fact that I possess a certain natural talent for playing parts in a way to win the confidence of the man I am after, than anything else. Before Donlin left me that evening he had fully drawn the conclusion that I was in some sort of trouble, and that I was in Peeksville for the purpose of keeping out of sight. The last words he said were:

"Don't worry, old man. We're your friends. The bunch here is right."

Two days later the fake letter came to me from the Chicago office. It was mailed in a plain envelope and professed to come from my brother. It read:

"Dear Dave:

"I have been talking with Mr. Grimmer, and you are mistaken in believing that he only wants to hurt you; all that he cares about is getting his money back. I told him that he could take his choice, either go on and stir up a lot of noise and discredit you here forever, and get no money back, or else get his money and keep quiet. He said: 'Give me my money; that's all I care about.' I then told him that he was mistaken when he said the amount you had got was $38,000. I said that you had got less than $25,000, and that in moving around the country you had spent $3,000, so all you had was about $22,000. He didn't believe it, but he is so greedy for money that he agreed to drop everything, and sign a paper clearing you if he gets back $22,000.

"Now, I think that was a pretty fine piece of business on my part, and that it is the best thing you can do. Even if you go into court and fight him and show him up for what he is, he is going to show you up, and you'll be ruined if he does. If you return $22,000 you clean up $16,000; which will help some. My advice is that you do this. At all events let me know at once what you are going to do.

"Don't forget to burn this.

"Your brother,

"FRED."

Donlin took me buggy riding to look at another house that afternoon. We were chums by this time. When I left him I managed to slip the letter, without the envelope, into the seat where I had been sitting without being observed.

I never saw or heard of that letter again, but Donlin found it and read it and it did its work, as I discovered later. One day just three weeks after I came to Peeksville, he came up to my room slightly more under the influence of liquor than usual, and told me that he had quarrelled with his wife. And through that I "got" my man. I had won his confidence; he trusted me even before his wife.

"That's been my whole trouble all the time," he said. "My wife won't let me alone. First it's one thing she's nagging about, then another. I'd never been in any trouble if it hadn't been for her. She's always hollering about me not giving her enough money. Well, here a short time ago I had a chance to put one over, and I did—$2,500 worth. And now she starts asking me where I got the money I'm giving her and begins to bawl me out. I quit. I just walked out, and she'll whistle another tune before I go back."

The truth was that his wife was disgusted over his drinking.

"Skip out for a couple days and let her cool down," I suggested. "I tell you what let's do; let's take a night boat up to Albany and hang around there for a couple of days. I'm getting kind of tired of this place myself. What do you say?"

"I'll go you," he said. "I don't care where I go. Damn it. A fellow can get into more trouble when things aren't right at home than he knows how to handle. If she was the kind of woman you could tell things to—"

"Don't talk to me about that, Harry," I interrupted. "I'm the one who knows what that means. To be frank, that's why I left Chicago, because things weren't right at home."

"Yes, but take my case here," he protested. "I—"

"I don't want to hear your troubles," I said. "I've got all I can do to hold down my own. Let's go down to New York on the next train and hang around there today and go up the river on the night boat."

"Come on," he said.

Had I given him a chance to talk he might have spouted out his whole story on the train going down to the city. That was all that was troubling him; he needed somebody to whom he could tell the story of his crime. But I kept interrupting and leading the conversation away to other subjects. As soon as we reached New York I made a pretext of calling up to find at what time the boats left, and called up the office and told the whole situation.

"Well," said the manager in a casual sort of way, "we ought to get him tonight on the boat. I'll reserve a stateroom for you on the C. W. Morse, of the Hudson Line. You just hold your man off until you get him in there, and then get him to talk. That's all you need to trouble about. We'll do the rest. You get your boat at 6:30 at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and when you enter your stateroom take off your hat and wipe your forehead so our men will have a spot on you and know that everything is all right."

I came out and told Donlin that I had reserved a stateroom for us by phone. I had no idea of how all this was going to work out, but I followed directions implicitly. The New York American Leaguers were playing Detroit that day, and Donlin being a fan we went to the game. It was my purpose to keep him in a crowd so he would have no temptation to begin his tale of woe until we got on the boat. It seems strange to think of a detective working himself into a sweat to keep his quarry from making a confession, but that is what I did this afternoon. After the game we hurried from the ball grounds to the boat, where, as we entered our room, I removed my hat and wiped my forehead, as per directions. Two young fellows, apparently clerks, had staterooms on either side of ours, but it was not until later that I knew what part they were playing in our programme.

I waited until the boat had cast off before I began the line of talk I had decided upon. I began to curse my luck, my supposed former employer, my alleged brother, my assumed wife, and everybody that I could think of. I played the part of a whimperer to a finish.

"If they'd only stuck by me in the first place," I wailed, "I would never have been in any trouble, and now that I'm in they're throwing me down. Well, there's one satisfaction: I'll take some of 'em with me when I go down."

"How much did you get out of it?" demanded Donlin suddenly.

I looked at him and knew he had read the letter.

"I'll come through with about $16,000," I said. "But I wouldn't go through this worry again for ten times that much."

"Hell," he growled. "And you're kicking! What would you say to taking a measly little twenty-five hundred from a dirty bunch of rich crooks and going around with everybody suspecting you of having done it?"

"Say, Cornell," he said, striking the side of his chair. "You think you've been steered up against it and thrown down, but let me tell you that you don't know what a raw deal is. Here now, listen to me. I want to tell you this; you've got to listen. Why, darn it, man, you've got to listen. I'll go crazy if I don't tell somebody."

He loosened his collar and went on.

"Here a little over a month ago old man Smythe, our mayor, and Bruley, the commissioner of public works, and the rest of that bunch of high-binders that runs things in Peeksville, got into a mess. They'd tried to get a contractor named Kellner to help them sting the city for $30,000. He turned on 'em and wouldn't give 'em a chance, and to get even with him they cut down his charge for work on the waterworks contract $15,000. Well, he comes out and sues them. He's got a cinch case, see, and the best they can hope for is to pack the jury and get a disagreement.

"Old Smythe says, 'Donlin, you're drawn on the venire for the jury that is going to try this case. We want you on there, you understand; we want to have one of our friends on that jury. We're glad of the chance to have you on because we know you're one of us and we all want to stick together. We will see that you get on that jury—don't worry about that—and there'll be a little envelope slipped into your pocket as you leave here, and—the worst we want is a disagreement. Understand?'"

— and poor Donlin relieved his soul.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN

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A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

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(Week Days Only.)

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x Week Days only.		Week Days only.	
10.00 a. m.	4.00 p. m.	12.00 n't.	7.05 a. m.
1.05 p. m.	7.00 p. m.	4.45 a. m.	12.60 noon
4.05 p. m.	11.00 p. m.	10.02 a. m.	3.55 p. m.
7.15 p. m.	x2.05 a. m.	1.02 p. m.	6.45 p. m.

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Lv. Long Wharf, Newport, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 11.15 a. m., due Block Island 1.15 p. m. Lv. Block Island 3.00 p. m., lv. Newport 5.00 p. m. Due Providence 6.45 p. m.

Tickets, etc., at City Ticket office, 320 Thames St., and at Wharf Office.
C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect March 2, 1913.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.03, 7.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.14, 11.02 a. m., 3.05, 5.03, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 7.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 7.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.50, 8.15, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.13 p. m.

Hyannis—6.50, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.13 p. m.

Provincetown—6.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Plymouth—11.00 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 7.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.13, 5.03, 7.13, 9.13, p. m.

C. M. WOODWARD, Gen'l Sup't.
A. B. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bay State Street Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

In effect September 9, 1912.

Subject to change without notice.

C. L. BISBEE, Superintendent, Vernon Avenue, Newport.

Telephone, Newport 168.

CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for

Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 50 min.), via Middletown (20 min.), Portsmouth (40 min.), Island Park (52 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.), *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *5.10, *5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.55 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR

Beach (10 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Mile Corner (10 min.), *6.35, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40 every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR

Beach (22 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52.* (Change at Franklin Street).

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

Note—*Does not run on Sunday.

WATER

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

"How long ago was this?"

"Only a little more than a month ago," he said. "Just three days before the trial—the night of May 23rd. Well, as I was saying, I went out, and when I got home I felt in my pocket and there was the envelope—with $2,500 in it."

"Didn't you see them slip the envelope to you?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Bruley slipped it into my pocket and winked and slapped me on the shoulder when he did it. Well, they got me accepted for the jury all right. Then Bruley comes to me and says: 'Say, Donlin, don't forget you're one of us now. You've got to deliver the goods.'

"Well, I delivered the goods, all right. The other eleven men wanted to kill me, but I hung out. 'No judgment,' I said, 'or I'll stay out until Christmas.' I earned that $2,500 all right—we disagreed. And the other day Mrs. Smythe gives a lawn party and never a word about inviting Mrs. Donlin. Oh, yes, I was one of them all right—when they needed me."

"Pshaw!" I said. "You hung a jury for 'em for twenty-five hundred and now they're turni g cold to you?"

"Yes. That's the kind they are."

"Pshaw!" I said. "Now let's go and get something to eat. I'm desperately hungry."

I haven't given Donlin's complete conversation here, but only the gist of his confession. But Donlin himself had a complete typewritten report of his talk in the stateroom handed to him in the hotel in Albany two days later. The Chief and the office manager called on him unexpectedly in his room and, handing him a carbon copy of his conversation, asked him if there were any inaccuracies to be corrected in it.

"I gue-- that's about right," said the Chief casually. "We knew all the time that the reason you hung that jury was to save those fellows, and we knew you weren't doing it for your health; but we wanted to get you to tell us all about it yourself; so we got it when you were talking to your friend on the boat the other night. Now, Donlin, we've got the goods on you," said Burns. "You've got two chances. One is to make us put you in prison for accepting a bribe; the other is to go with us and help us to make those crooks, who paid you, pay our client his $15,000 without any more lawsuits. What are you going to do; go to jail, or come on our side?"

Donlin was staring at the report in dazed fashion. There it was, every word that he had said, every question that I had asked, down in carbon; and we had been in a locked stateroom while we were talking, and he had been with me ever since. He was dumbfounded for a while. Then he expressed the universal curiosity over detective work. He looked up in amazement at the Chief and said:

"Well! How in the devil did you ever do it?"

But it was not the Chief's disposition to give away the tricks of the trade. It was not until several days later, when Donlin's confession had frightened the politicians at Peeksville into acknowledging Contractor Kellner's bill in full, that I knew that in each of the staterooms adjoining ours there had been a stenographer with his ear to a dictagraph all the way up the river, and that Donlin literally had made his confession in the hearing of three people.

"That was just a piece of bullheaded luck, wasn't it?" I asked Chief Burns.

"Oh, no," he said. "We had tried five other men on him before you; we were sure to get somebody he would take to and blab his head off. It was only a question of time. Most detective work is."

SCIENTIFIC PUZZLES.

Some Queer Things One Learns In the Study of Chemistry.

Every one knows that the diamond is only charcoal crystallized, but there are a great many other things in nature that, though possessing widely different properties, are composed of exactly equal quantities of the same elements.

The white of an egg and rattlesnake poison are formed of identically the same amounts of the same elements.

The oil of roses and common coal gas are each formed alike, both being composed of four atoms of hydrogen and four atoms of carbon.

Sugar and gum arabic are likewise brothers of the same weight and texture.

All the hydrocarbons, known to science as a combination of sixteen atoms of hydrogen and ten atoms of carbon, are alike in their composition. To enumerate some—oil of orange, lemon, cloves, ginger and black pepper.

The suggested explanation of these peculiarities is that the atoms are placed differently toward one another in the molecules of the different substances.

Other things just as peculiar are evident when certain substances are united chemically. Thus hydrogen gas, which is odorless, and nitrogen gas, which is also odorless, when united go to make ammonia, which has a very strong odor. Copper, which has no odor, and zinc, which also has none, when melted and mixed to give us brass, produce a substance with a very characteristic one.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Easy Tongue For Poesy.

Burns, of course, is untranslatable, for when he attempted common English he was commonplace. But he took his opportunity with the Scotch poets who have the delightful language that has no consonants. You can rime anything with anything. Scotch is the easiest language for rime. Among the most beautiful of Burns' poems is "Mary Morison," with—

> Yestreen when to the trembling string
> The dance went through the lighted ha'
> To thee my fancy took its wing;
> I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

But saw doesn't rime with hall unless you speak Scotch and omit the consonants. You will perceive that a Scotchman cannot help writing poetry when he can make anything rime with anything.—London Chronicle.

DEALING WITH A THIEF.

It Was an Unusual Method, but It Proved Effective.

Governor Thomas Chittenden of Vermont is remembered for his great kindness of heart as well as for his ability and force of character. He was the first governor of the state and lived in the liberal manner that befitted his office. His cellar, as was the custom of those days, was well stocked every fall with provisions.

One winter night the governor's rest was broken by sounds coming from his cellar. He left his bed quietly and, with a candle ready to light, made his way in the direction of the noise. As he reached the cellar he struck a light and saw a man taking great pieces of pork out of his meat barrel and stowing them away in a bag.

The governor approached the intruder and in a commanding voice said: "Go on, sir! Fill up that bag and be off. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to disturb honest people at this time of night!"

The thief shrank back, evidently much frightened.

"Be quick!" continued the governor. "It is no fit time to keep me shivering here!"

So stern was the governor's manner that the man was compelled to obey.

"Now, begone!" went on Governor Chittenden. "When you are again in need of food come to me and say so, and I will give you more. Do not pillage my house at night. If I ever have the smallest reason to suspect you of another such act you shall be punished for this offense as the law provides."

It is pleasant to know that the man came to the governor the next day to ask for employment, in order that he might pay for what he had taken, and that work was found for him, which he performed steadily and well.—Youth's Companion.

FATE OF OLD BOOTY.

The Only Judicially Accepted Ghost Story on Record.

Stromboli, the island volcano, known as the lighthouse of the Mediterranean, which is in violent eruption, once figured in a court of law in connection with one of the most circumstantial ghost stories on record. In 1688 a Mrs. Booty brought an action of slander against a certain Captain Barnaby for saying that he had seen old Booty running into the flames of hell, pursued by the devil.

The words were admitted, but for the defense it was proved that May 15, 1687, the day of old Booty's death, the captain, with a large party of friends, went ashore at Stromboli to shoot rabbits. At about 3:30 in the afternoon two men were seen running toward the volcano. Captain Barnaby exclaimed, "Lord bless me, the foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbor!" They then vanished in the flames, a fact of which every one took note.

In addition to the testimony of Captain Barnaby and his friends, old Booty's clothes were brought into court and identified by several witnesses as being similar to those worn by the foremost man who ran into the crater. The judge, Chief Justice Sir Robert Wright, was so impressed by this evidence that he said: "Lord have mercy upon me and grant that I may never see what you have seen. One, two or three may be mistaken, but not thirty."

Mrs. Booty lost the day, and the case still remains the only judicially accepted ghost story on record.—London Chronicle.

Family Complications.

Many ingenious complications in genealogy have been compiled, but the following one has the merit of being definite as to time, place and people. It concerns a family living at Faversham, in Kent, in February, 1760. Old Hawood had two daughters by his first wife, of whom the elder was married to John Cashick, the son, and the younger to John Cashick, the father. Cashick senior had a daughter by his first wife. This daughter old Hawood married and by her had a son, which led to the complication summed up in the following distich, supposed to be spoken by Cashick's second wife:

> My father is my son, and I am my mother's mother.
> My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother.

—London Tatler.

Paternal Germany.

A government, says a writer in the Twentieth Century Magazine, which tells you how to carry your umbrella, which forbids ladies who wear long hatpins to enter railway trains, which fines you if you throw cigar stubs or papers on the street, which does not permit your children to make a noise so that others are disturbed—such a government does restrict individual liberty, but just as certainly it enlarges the common liberties and pleasure of everybody. The government thus eulogized is that of Germany, which the writer quoted prefers to our "go-as-you-please" system.

One Use For Style.

"The Whifferbys put on a great deal of style, considering the fact that they hardly know where they will get tomorrow's dinner."

"Some method in their madness, though. The more style they put on the more apt they are to be invited out to dinner."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Morning After.

Mrs. Crawford—Why is your husband taking a holiday? Mrs. Gayboy—Because he had one yesterday.—Lippincott's.

Let not thy mind run on what thou lackest as much as on what thou hast already.—Marcus Aurelius.

Luckily It Is No Worse.

If half the exceptionally smart babies were to develop into smart men and women there would be sharper competition in every walk of life.—Judge.

It is far better to grow noble than to be born noble.

A LEGAL CURIOSITY.

Poetic Title Deed That Stood the Test of the Courts.

A deed for the conveyance of a piece of land that is one of the greatest legal curiosities in the world was drawn up in 1881 by J. Henry Shaw, a lawyer at Beardstown, Ill. The curio complies with every requirement of law and has more than once been declared by the courts of that state to be entirely valid. It reads as follows:

> I, J. Henry Shaw, the grantor herein,
> Who live at Beardstown, the county within,
> For seven hundred dollars to me paid today
> By Charles E. Wyman do sell and convey
> Lot two (2) in block forty (40), said county and town,
> Where Illinois river flows placidly down,
> And warrant the title forever and aye,
> Waiving a homestead and mansion to both a goodby.
> And, pledging this deed is valid in law,
> I add here my signature, J. Henry Shaw.
> [Seal.] Dated July 25, 1881.
>
> I, Sylvester Emmons, who live at Beardstown,
> A justice of peace of fame and renown,
> Of the County of Cass, in Illinois state,
> Do certify here that on the same date
> One J. Henry Shaw to me did make known
> That the above deed and name were his own,
> And he stated he sealed and delivered the same
> Voluntarily, freely and never would claim
> His homestead therein; but, left all alone,
> Turned his face to the street and his back to his home. [Seal.]
> S. EMMONS, J. P.
> Dated August 1, 1881.

—St. Louis Republic.

DO FLYING FISH FLY?

Science Thinks Not, but Many Observers Say They Do.

The much mooted question, "Do flying fish fly?" is discussed by William Allingham in the Nautical Magazine. The orthodox scientific opinion is that the "wings" of the flying fish merely serve as a parachute to sustain the fish for a brief period in the air after he has launched himself out of the water by a powerful screwlike movement of his tail. According to this view, the fish has no power of directing his flight after he has left the water.

However, Mr. Allingham, who is a nautical expert attached to the British meteorological office and is in constant intercourse with seamen, reports many observations that tend to controvert this opinion. Certain observers claim that the wing fins are in constant rapid vibration and seem actually to serve the purpose of flight. One vessel master watched a fish that had attained an altitude of twenty feet above the water and was flying toward the mizzen rigging of his ship when, apparently noticing obstruction, it changed its course about 60 degrees, crossing the vessel's stern to regain the water. Many other similar observations are mentioned.

A series of cinematograph pictures might solve this question once and for all.—Scientific American.

The Turk In Constantinople.

Terrible scenes were witnessed in Constantinople when Mohammed II. captured the city in 1453. When the conquerors entered they slew 2,000 and made slaves of all who took refuge in the sanctuary of St. Sophia. Gibbon records the fate of the 60,000 prisoners: "Male captives were bound with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. The senators were linked with their slaves, the prelates with the porters of the church and young men of a plebeian class with noble maids whose faces had been invisible to the sun and their nearest kindred, and in this common state of captivity the ranks of society were confounded, the ties of nature were cut asunder, and the inexorable soldier was careless of the father's groans, the tears of the mother and the lamentations of the children."

Purifying the Air In Rooms.

To purify the air of offices or sickrooms soak a few pieces of brown paper in a solution of saltpeter and allow them to dry. When desired for use lay a handful of flowers of lavender, which can be got at any drug store, on a tin pan with a few pieces of the paper and light. The aroma is refreshing and agreeable and drives away insects. If hot water is procurable a few drops of oil of lavender in a glass of very hot water is good. It purifies the air at once and effectually rids the room of flies and insects of all kinds.—Scientific American.

Motorist's Luck.

"Well, Blithers, what luck did you have with your new car?" asked Jarroway.

"More than I ever expected," said Blithers. "Just three minutes after the darned thing blew up another car came along with a busted tire, and the owner bought my old tires for $10 apiece."—Harper's Weekly.

No Help.

"I admit that the architecture of this house is something fierce," said the agent, "but just see how handy the place is—only a stone's throw from the station."

"I see it is," said Tomkins wearily, "but I'm such a rotten shot it wouldn't be any satisfaction to me."—Harper's Weekly.

Bit of a Wag.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of something?"

"Why not use a dentist's sign, 'Teeth inserted here?'" suggested Lessup.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.

"What is this civil service business that they are always talking about?" asked the boob. "What good does it do?"

"It's like this," replied the cheerful idiot. "If you have a job and you are not under civil service they can fire you any time they want to. But if you have a job under civil service they can't fire you unless they want to."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Is the Universe Double?

In 1904 Professor J. C. Kapteyn of Groningen announced his belief that the visible universe is not single, but double—that what we behold is not a system of stars, but two systems.

Since this announcement A. S. Eddington of Greenwich, A. W. Dickerton and H. C. Plummer of Oxford and T. J. J. See of the Lick observatory have given their concurrence to it. Mr. Eddington, for example, has analyzed the motion of six different groups of stars, and he has shown the existence in every case of two sets of curves indicating two paths along which rival star systems are streaming. One stream travels at the rate of seventeen miles a second and the other at the rate of five miles.

The movement of our sun is thirteen miles a second toward the region in the heavens now marked by the great star Arcturus, though he is hastening to meet us. The two pointers of the Great Bear are going along with the earth, other stars of the Great Bear away from the earth. Sirius is in our stream; so are the brightest stars of the Northern Crown—one in the Lion, one in Eridanus and one in Auriga.—William Bayard Hale in World's Work.

Got Her a Seat.

A young woman entered a subway train at Seventy-second street and, seeing that she would have to stand, meekly grasped a strap near one on which a stout, well built man was hanging. Hardly had the train pulled out from the station when she heard a voice saying, "There's a seat, madam," and turning around she beheld her big neighbor pointing to a little space between two men. She stepped forward, but as neither of them seemed inclined to make room for her she smilingly declined to sit where she was so evidently not wanted. Whereupon the big man decided to occupy the space himself! He sat down and after a few seconds began to work himself backward and forward, to right and to left, until presently his neighbors, yielding to his bulk, moved up, and lo! he was in possession of a comfortable seat. Then he arose, politely doffed his hat, bowed to the woman and said! "Now, madam, I think you will find room! Won't you sit down?"—New York Tribune.

How Old Is the Earth?

Sir George Darwin's statement at Cambridge that the late Lord Kelvin's estimate of the earth's age has been seriously vitiated by the discovery of radium since the calculation was made will meet with the entire approval of geologists. For many years physicists and geologists have been disputing on this matter, and the latter have utterly failed to make the facts of geology fit in with what they termed Lord Kelvin's "miserable allowance" of time. Now, however, that it is established that the earth has a large store of heat producing radium and other radioactive substances, mathematics is able greatly to extend the "miserable allowance" a trifle of 20,000,000 years, and the 800,000,000 years necessary to account for the geologists' phenomena is no longer considered too big a draft on the bank of time. The Hon. Mr. Strutt has assigned a minimum age of 711,000,000 years for some archaean rocks from Canada he has examined.—Dundee Advertiser.

Broke Up the Game.

Willie finally persuaded his aunt to play train with him. The chairs were arranged in line, and then he said:

"Now, you be the engineer and I'll be the conductor. Lend me your watch and get up into your cab." He then hurried down the platform, timepiece in hand.

"Pull out there, you red headed, pie faced jay!" he shouted to the astonishment of the young woman.

"Why, Willie!" she exclaimed in amazement.

"That's right; chew the rag," he retorted. "Pull out. We're five minutes late already."

They have had to forbid his playing down by the tracks.—Illinois Central Employees' Magazine.

The Paradise Fish.

There flourishes in Chinese rivers and lakes a small fish remarkable for its brilliant coloring of crimson and blue. It is called the paradise fish. In the sunlight it shows in rainbow hues. The most interesting thing about this little fish is the nest made by the male of glutinous bubbles below the surface of the water and measuring up to six inches across. Here it places the eggs, some 200 in number, and mounts guard over them during incubation.

Sly Management.

"Haven't you a handsomer chafing dish than that?" asked the customer.

"You want something even more ornamental than this?"

"Yes. I want one so beautiful and expensive that my wife wouldn't think of trying to cook anything in it."—Exchange.

Herself Alone.

"Harold, do you love me for myself alone?"

"For yourself alone. And that's why I object to loaning your father money and standing for your little brother's pestiferousness."—Kansas City Journal.

Doesn't Mean It.

Isn't it queer that when a man addresses you by saying "Say!" he wants you to keep still so that he can say something himself?—New Orleans Picayune.

So It Does.

"Always hit the line hard, my boy."

"Oh, I don't know, dad. Sometimes it pays to try to run around the end."—Detroit Free Press.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

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Thames Street,

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Furnishing Goods.

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Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,
Newport, R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1905.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels.
Common, 9c. a bushel $8 for 100 bushels.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, April 5, 1913.

The "full crew" bill signed by Gov. Sulzer in New York will increase the number of railway employees in that state by about 2000 and expense to the railroads by about $2,000,000 a year.

Free wool, free sugar, and a big income tax is the slogan of President Wilson. He expects to lose one hundred millions in duties, but proposes to tax everybody's earnings to make it up. Perhaps that will work, but it will cause some heartburnings.

Providence does not take kindly to the I. W. W. and it is hoped that that city will be able to take better measures to control this organization than did some of the Massachusetts cities a few months ago. True, the conditions are very materially different, but the city of Providence very evidently intends to keep a strong hand over the strikers to prevent any unpleasant developments.

The colored men need not expect much from the present administration and then they will not be disappointed. With a Southern man for President, and the majority of the Cabinet Southern men, the colored man North or South will not receive many of the plums at the disposal of the administration. President Taft appointed many colored men to office. These, it is said, will all be supplanted by white men as soon as the changes can be made.

A question that some of the consumers would like to have answered is Why is coal selling for $7.25 a ton in Bangor, Maine, when the same size and quality of coal in this city is selling for $8.75 a ton? Bangor is more than five hundred miles, by water, further from the coal mines than Newport. It is many miles up the Penobscot river which is closed to navigation at least four months in the year, while Newport has an open harbor right on the ocean. Some of our dealers had better take a leaf from the Bangor dealers' books and come down.

Wonder if Colonel Roosevelt will hail the Jamestown victory as a great endorsement of his candidacy for President in 1916? The Progressives won out, and probably this will be cited as a great victory for the cause. Inasmuch as the town has been a battle ground for many years, on purely local issues, the triumph for the Roosevelt cause would seem to be a hollow one. Sometimes the fight has been in the Republican caucus, sometimes between Republicans and Democrats, sometimes between Republicans and Independents, and this year between Republicans and Progressives. In the past victory has perched sometimes over one camp and sometimes over the other.

Down in Maine there was a big crop of ice harvested during the past winter, although the ice season came very late in the winter. The prices asked on the ground are not high and the cost of transportation to Rhode Island is not a very great item. There is enough ice in the northern New England States to supply all the needs of the eastern section of the country and there would seem to be no good reason for an abnormally high price to consumers during the coming summer. It has been stated in the past that ice can be bought in Maine or New Hampshire and delivered in Newport almost as cheaply as it can be cut and harvested here.

Foster's forecasts of March weather, which were published weekly in the MERCURY were as accurate as if he had been the man that had the direction of the storm forces. The tornadoes and floods that devasted such great sections of the country during the last of March were predicted again and again, and the dates were accurrately given. It is the most remarkable example of exact and accurate warning of the terrible forces of nature that has ever been recorded. These forecasts are published only in the MERCURY. During the long term of years in which these forecasts have been exclusively published by us, they have proved far more accurate than have the reports of the United States Weather Bureau.

The condition of the apparatus in the Newport fire department is not very encouraging to the peace of mind of property owners. Of course, it is comparatively seldom that the steamers go into action here, a large proportion of all fires being handled either by chemicals alone, or by the pressure from the hydrant streams. Nevertheless a few good pumping engines are very much needed at times, and when we want them we want them very much indeed. The steamers all seemed to do reasonably satisfactory service during the big Weaver fire, and much water was thrown during the long hours that the conflagration raged. The test that have been made of the steamers this week has been in a way discouraging, yet most of the trouble that has developed has been of a comparatively trivial nature and can be easily repaired. It is much better to find these troubles now than to wait until the apparatus is needed to fight a big conflagration. In the meantime steps should be taken to procure a good powerful pumping engine that can be relied upon at all times.

Equinoctial Storms.

The heavy rains which have fallen practically all over the western country the past few weeks and the cyclonic winds which have done so much damage in many places in the west, will probably be generally regarded as equinoctial storms. An equinoctial storm may be defined as the same as any other storm, except that it happens to occur within a week prior or subsequent to the spring or fall equinox. There has long been held to be some intimate association between the elements and the passage by the earth of that particular point in its annual journey around the sun where its angle of inclination makes the day and night of equal length, or two nights of equal length. Why there should be storms at that time more than at any other time science is not able to tell us, nor does the record of past years confirm the theory that there are more storms then than at other arbitrary periods that might be selected. A comparison of the storms during fifty years that fell within seven days of April 22 would probably show as many and as severe ones as those within seven days of March 22. Certainly the fall equinox is accompanied by no more storms than can be found on the record within the same period at other times in the fall season. Nevertheless, it sounds well to talk about the equinoctial storms, and we all like to appear scientific in our conversation.

Probably equally baseless is the common idea that cyclonic storms are more frequent than in former years. They certainly do more damage and get into the newspapers more often. So far as the newspapers are concerned, a lot of things get into print that formerly were scarcely heard of a few miles from where they occurred. Murders, suicides, accidents, divorces, and a multitude of things which were formerly of local note only now are telegraphed and published all over the country.

It gives us the impression that all such things have grown tremendously in number, when the fact is that they have grown chiefly in publicity. This is the case with western cyclones. In an uninhabited country, or one where there was but an occasional barn or fence to damage, cyclones in former times attracted little general notice, if heard of at all, but when the same country became thickly populated and buildings of value were erected, the same cyclones reap a harvest of death and destruction of property which challenges attention and inspires horror.

The impression that the climate is changing is a widespread one. In spite of the fact that the weather records show a general adherence over long periods to an average state of climatic conditions, nothing is more common than to hear the sage opinion expressed that there is a radical change in the climate. Californians eagerly declare that there were never any thunderstorms there until the railroad was built. The earliest inhabitant everywhere is sure the snows are not as deep as when he was a boy and had to shovel them. Winters are getting colder, some tell us, but others whose blood circulation is still good doubt it. Everyone certainly will doubt it this winter. There will be great climatic changes in the course of time. They have occurred in the past, as geologists can show us, but we shall have to have a much longer lease of life than Methuselah had to see them.

Agitation Stopped the Work.

An Exchange says: It will probably please Mr. Louis D. Brandeis and his hired agitators in New England to learn that their protests against the upbuilding of New England and the development of New England's railroad system, by trolleys, steamboats and hotel connections have so far prevailed that construction on the proposed hotel and scenic railway on Mount Washington must cease.

A new hotel crowning the highest point on the Atlantic seacoast, and a scenic railway up the oldest and most famous mountain of the United States, was an enterprise in which not only New England but the whole country was interested.

Mr. Brandeis has been suggested for Commissioner of Indian Affairs. It is hoped that he will get this post, and take his Indians from New England to Washington city.

Our Puritan ancestors had to drive out the Indians from New England before they could be sure of a civilization in the New World, and their Puritan descendants, if there are enough of them left hereabouts, may have to rise a second time and drive out the Brandeis Indians before there can be any further advance in New England civilization. Fundamentally, civilization rests upon improving highways supported by improving business.

General Assembly.

The general appropriation bill has this week passed the House of Representatives, after a long filibuster, which was brought to an abrupt end on Thursday by the suspension of all rules and the demanding of a vote on the entire bill. Some questions has been raised as to the constitutionality of some items, but this will probably not amount to much.

Preparations are being made for the closing of the year's business by the suspending of certain rules to facilitate legislation. The sixty days, for which the members can draw pay, will expire on April 22, but the session will probably last longer than that.

The annual town meeting in Tiverton on Wednesday resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republicans; that party carrying every office. In only a few instances was the contest close, most of the Republicans being elected by large majorities.

Old Steamers Tested.

The fire department has had a trying out of its somewhat antiquated steamers this week, and the results have not been altogether satisfactory. Steamers 1 and 2, which had the first trials failed to make good until after repairs had been made, and much interest is felt in the outcome of the trials with the other engines in the department. It is deemed of the utmost importance to have these pumping machines in condition for instant use, and as soon as they are all found to work properly they will be given regular tests throughout the summer, in order to keep them up to the mark.

The first trial was at the city wharf on Tuesday evening, the No. 2 engine being the one selected. A good pressure of steam was raised but when the steam was turned into the cylinders the pump positively refused to start. The steamer was taken back to the house, and men were put at work hunting for the trouble. The following night she was given another test and this time all went smoothly, good streams of water being thrown and the engine running smoothly.

Steamer One had her test on Wednesday night and didn't give a very creditable exhibition. The pumps were started and weak streams were thrown for a few minutes, but there was much trouble with leaky fittings around the engine and she was finally sent back to her house for an overhauling. It was then that steamer 2 went in for her second trial and gave a good account of herself.

The trial of the No. 7 steamer on Thursday evening was not much more satisfactory than the others. It pumped well for a while but the blowing out of a union soon put it out of commission and it had to go back to the house for repairs.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Should the recent state survey of Turner's Road and South Aquidneck avenue result in the taking of active measures to put these thoroughfares in an up to date condition, a short route to the Newport Beach will be established which will draw great numbers here from Fall River and the Providence sections. With a state road from the Bridge, both by West Road and East Main Road, to Turner's Road, the Beach can be easily and quickly reached. Several short strips on lower Turner's Road have already been macadamized at intervals by the town. The residents on Valley Road are also urging not only attention for their road but for lights, claiming that other towns which have had electric roads are not left in darkness as is Middletown.

The Middletown schools reopened on Monday after a week's vacation. It is hoped that attention will be given the school question at the Saturday financial Town Meeting as the temporary Peabody Annex has recently been sold. This will mean that a new location will have to be secured for the overflow from the Peabody School. The Wyatt School is overfull, and the upper room at the Oliphant School on West road is greatly in need of remodeling as, under present conditions, it is impossible to keep it warm during the cold weather.

The final meeting of the year of the Official Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held Monday evening at the church parlors. The affairs of the parish were reported to be in a gratifying condition. Both the pastor, Rev. E. E. Wells, and his wife, have been indefatiguable workers and have greatly endeared themselves to the community, their influence extending far beyond their own parish.

In association with the lecture given last week by Mr. Philip Caswell before Aquidneck Grange the Ladies' Quartette of the Methodist Episcopal Church rendered four numbers most acceptably. At the close of the evening the Worthy Master, Mrs. May Chase Spooner, presented the charter members present with carnations which had been brought by Mr. Alexander McLellan, a Newport member.

The Oliphant Club will be represented on April 12 at the Committee Conference in Providence, by the following delegates: the president Mrs. John R. Coggeshall and Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester; alternates, Mrs. Kate Bailey, Mrs. Josephine Sweet and Mrs. Eunice C. Chase. Mrs. Elbert Gibson entertained the Club this week, subject, "Postal Savings Banks and the Parcels Post."

The late J. Mitchell Clark was a trustee for many years at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Both his widow and his sister, Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant, are communicants there, Mrs. Sturtevant being a Sunday School teacher and one of the most active workers in the parish.

A bungalow is being built at Rocky Ridge Farm formerly the Dudley Newton Place off Paradise Ave., now the property of Miss Mary Appleton of Newport. Miss Appleton desires to occupy the present residence during portions of the summer and the new house will be for her farmer, Mr. Silas Wright and family.

Mrs. Sidney Johnson, formerly of Middletown, who has been in poor health for a year or more, has recovered and is keeping house in Providence for her daughter, Miss Annis Johnson and her son, Moses.

John E. Holt, who recently died in Jamestown, was the father of Mrs. Otto Erhardt of Purgatory road, with whom he made frequent visits.

Mrs. Abram A. Brown has been called to Newbury, N. Y., by the critical illness of a sister, Mrs. George Barnes, who has been recently taken with a severe heart affection.

It was unusual that the vested choir from St. George's School was able to be in attendance upon Easter Day at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. This was due to the extreme early date of Easter which came before their spring vacation, which began March 23. School reopens April 10.

Mr. Arnold Smith returned Monday night from Santa Barbara, Calif., where he had been since the middle of December. His sister, Miss Ellen E. Smith, spent the winter in Newport and has returned to keep house for her brother.

Rev. J. P. Conover of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., with six of the students, have been spending the two week's spring vacation at the Conover Cottage, Indian avenue.

Miss Edith M. Peckham, private secretary to Superintendent of Schools, Professor J. B. Wiley of Morristown, N. J., returns Saturday after a week's vacation spent at her home here. While here she received her appointment for next year, her fifth at Morristown.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Albro and their niece, Mrs. Helen Peckham Peats, attended on Thursday the funeral of the late Charles Morgan Stone who was a frequent visitor at the Albro home. His son, the late Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, was stationed at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel from 1894 to 1899.

Rev. E. E. Wells of the M. E. Church left on Wednesday for New Bedford to attend the annual Methodist Conference. No service will be held at the church on Sunday next, "Conference Sunday."

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Morland of Pittsburg, who last season occupied Mrs. Thomas' villa, "Stonacre," have taken a lease of the Thaw estate, "Beach Mound," for the coming season. Last summer was their first season as cottagers in Newport, but they were very popular, especially their daughter.

Election of Officers.

Court Friendship, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—Michael J. Burns.
Sub-Chief Ranger—James M. Lacey.
Treasurer—Patrick F. Reynolds.
Financial Secretary—William J. Christmas.
Recording Secretary—Dennis W. Maher.
Senior Woodward—Thomas Reagan.
Junior Woodward—Michael Conroy.
Senior Beadle—James Toomey.
Junior Beadle—Manuel Cavocco.
Lecturer—John P. Casey.
Trustee, for three years—James Toomey.
Physician—Edward V. Murphy, M. D.
Delegates to Grand Court Convention—James M. Lacey, Dennis W. Maher.
Alternates—Edward Toomey, Patrick F. Reynolds.

Congregation Jeshuat Israel.

President—Max Levy.
Vice President—Israel J. Josephson.
Treasurer—Lazar Herz.
Secretary—Abe Nelson.
Trustees—M. Tietz, Nathan David, Daniel Rosen.

Court Wanton, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—Harry Bennett.
Sub-Chief Ranger—James Johnson.
Treasurer—Joseph J. Dence.
Financial Secretary—Samuel A. Hilton.
Recording Secretary—Alexander Nicol.
Senior Woodward—Peter Luth.
Senior Beadle—James Graham.
Trustee for three years—Robert Robinson.
Physician—John H. Sweet, Jr., M. D.
Delegate to Grand Court Convention—James Graham.
Alternate—Harry Bennett.

Island Cemetery Company.

President—Robert S. Franklin.
Secretary and Treasurer—William Stevens.
Auditor—John M. Taylor.
Superintendent—Andrew K. McMahon.
Grounds Committee—The President, William J. Easton, James S. Hazard.

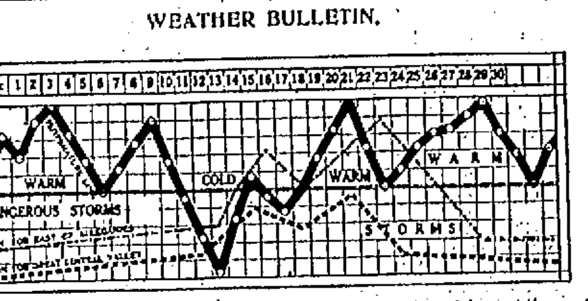
FRAGRANT and DELICIOUS

Millions who drink it recommend

LIPTON'S TEA

Sustains and Cheers

WEATHER BULLETIN.



April will be warmer than usual and good cropweather will come in early. Less than usual rain. Most rain in northeastern states, west of Kansas and in Canada. Dangerous storms April 1 to 9. Most rain 14 to 25. It will be a good cropweather month. Late frosts are not probable. Plant and sow early-maturing crops very early in the sections where we predict dry for April.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it as the weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Apr. 3, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 7 to 11, warm wave 6 to 10, cool wave 9 to 13. The worst of the storms will have come but the storm forces will still be above normal, therefore, while no one should have a nervous chill about it, better continue to be cautious throughout this month. One fortunate natural law prevails. Destructive storms seldom pass over the same sections except at long intervals and the places that suffered so greatly in February and March will probably be exempt for balance of 1913.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 12, cross Pacific slope by close of 13, great central valleys 14 to 16, eastern sections 17. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 12, great central valleys 14, eastern sections 16. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 15, great central valleys 17, eastern sections 19.

A northern cold wave, with unusually low temperatures, will precede this disturbance two or three days and about one day in advance of it the temperatures will go up rapidly. The storm forces will be greater than their general average but not so great as in the recent past.

During first half of this month the rain forces will change and the locations of rainfall for the next five months will differ greatly from the locations of the rains for the past five months. Since August 1912 we have continuously located the greatest rainfall on the eastern and western sides of the continent and the minus rains in the great central valleys. From April to August inclusive this year an entirely new arrangement of the rainfall may be expected.

April will average warmer than usual; coldest week of the month will center near April 13. This will vary about three days because the warm waves require about five days to cross the continent. In a similar way the weeks centering on April 6 and 24 will be warmest of the month. Storms may be expected for several days centering on these dates.

The press owes it to these bulletins to editorially mention the important forecasts and warnings quoted below. Bulletin dated September 7. "Dangerous storms and earthquakes are expected in many places all round the earth near October 11, 1912." November 30. "Christmas holidays are expected to have about normal temperatures and less than usual precipitation." January 25. "Dangerous storms may be expected February 20 to 27." February 1. "We place February 23 as the central day of the dangerous storms of that month." February 8. "Disturbance will cross continent February 19 to 22. It will be a dangerous storm." February 15. "We still warn all to avoid the dangerous storms February 20 to 23." March 1. "Again we hang out danger signals for March 16 to 23. According to our calculations, made about middle of January clearing weather may be expected for the inauguration." March 8. "Disturbance will cross continent March 18 to 22." February 15. "We still warn all to avoid the dangerous storms February 20 to 23." March 8. "Disturbance will cross continent March 18 to 22. This will be a very dangerous storm period."

These forecasts and warnings were repeated several times in earlier or later bulletins and all were strenuously urged to seek safety. We knew that the first quarter of 1913 would bring some of the most dangerous storms of the century and did our part in trying to save lives and property.

Steamer Millinocket had a serious accident off Watch Hill at about midnight Wednesday night, as a result of which two men are at the Newport Hospital suffering from severe burns. In some way a fire broke out aboard the vessel and two men of the engineering department were caught in the burst of flames. The steamer headed for Newport harbor and on arrival here the injured men were transferred to a tug and hurried to the Hospital. It was at first thought that their injuries would prove fatal, but later developments showed they were less badly injured than was feared. The fire was extinguished after a hard fight.

Mrs. George C. Barker is in Westerly where she is making a prolonged visit with her sister.

Weekly Almanac.

APRIL 1913 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn	Water Eve
5 Sat	5 21	6 15	4 56	6 45	7 03
6 Sun	5 19	6 16	sets	7 21	7 37
7 Mon	5 18	6 17	7 38	7 57	8 12
8 Tues	5 16	6 18	8 41	8 35	8 50
9 Wed	5 15	6 20	9 51	9 13	9 32
10 Thur	5 13	6 21	11 01	9 57	10 20
11 Frid	5 11	6 22	mo'n	10 48	11 14

New Moon, 6th day, 6h, 48., evening
First Quarter, 14th day, 0h, 39m., morning
Full Moon, 22nd day 4h 33m., evening
Last Quarter, 28th day 1h 09m., morning

Deaths.

In this city, 25th ult., Mary Beattie, aged 63 years.
In this city, 29th ult., Ellen E., wife of Michael J. Honan.
In this city, 29th ult., John O. Williams, in his 64th year.
In this city, 30th ult., Captain Eugene Sullivan, in his 83d year.
In this city, at the Newport Hospital, 31st ult., Benjamin Herbert Ruffin.
In this city, 1st inst., at his residence, 44 Bath Road, Timothy Sullivan.
In Providence, March 31st, suddenly, Chas. Morgan Stone, in his 78th year.
At Philadelphia, April 1, 1913, Richard Lloyd Willing, aged 71 years.
In Providence, 1st inst., James C. Peck, in his 54th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

32 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1853. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

CONVICTION OF MRS. PANKHURST

Followed by a Demonstration Among Her Followers

GETS THREE YEARS IN PRISON

Declares She Deliberately Broke Law For Cause of Suffrage For Women—Leaders of Women's Social and Political Union Say Violence Will Be Continued With Greater Vigor

London, April 4.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, president of the Women's Social and Political union and leader of the militant suffragettes, was found guilty of inciting other women to blow up the home of Chancellor Lloyd George at Walton Heath with bombs.

She was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. In passing sentence, Justice Lush scored Mrs. Pankhurst and the militant suffragettes in general for their violence, which he said showed only contempt for law and order.

Mrs. Pankhurst was her own counsel. In summing up she entered into a violent tirade against "man made" laws, which she declared made slaves of women. Her appeal for a verdict of not guilty was a passionate one, and she declared if she were sent to jail, she would go on a hunger strike at once.

The sentence imposed upon Mrs. Pankhurst was the most severe ever meted out to a militant suffragette since the reign of violence began. It was her eighth appearance in court charged with violence in one form or another. But three years was not near the maximum which Lush could have imposed, for under the English law a fourteen-year sentence could have been passed upon the famous militant leader.

There was a demonstration among the members of Mrs. Pankhurst's organization when sentence was imposed. Old Bailey rang with their screams of mingled rage and derision. Other leaders of the union declared that violence would not cease, but, if anything, would be continued with greater vigor under the leadership of Sylvia Pankhurst, her daughter; "General" Drummond, Mrs. Despard and Zelie Emerson, the American woman who is in Holloway jail but who hopes to be at liberty soon on account of ill health arising from self-imposed starvation.

Mrs. Pankhurst's other daughter, Christabel, is a refugee in Paris. She fled nearly a year ago to avoid arrest on a conspiracy charge. It was she who recently urged women actually to take up arms and go to war against men. "Make a Mexico of England" was her battle cry.

As sentence was pronounced stillness prevailed, and then a shout of "Shame!" went up from the suffragettes. It was taken up by others outside who were unable to get in.

Mrs. Pankhurst flushed, and her eyes filled with tears at this demonstration. Mrs. Pankhurst soon recovered from her fit of weeping and reiterated that she would go on a hunger strike. "I know I broke the law," she declared. "I deliberately broke the law for the cause of suffrage for women."

FARMER BEATS THE KAISER

Tenant Gets $30,000 and Decoration In Settlement of Dispute

Berlin, April 2.—The German emperor's trouble with his tenant, Helmuth Sohst, on his estate at Cadinen, has been settled amicably after being before the courts for several months. The tenant has consented to vacate his farms voluntarily before the expiration of his lease, which has another five years to run.

The consideration paid to him was $30,000, and he is to receive the Order of the Royal Crown as a token of the emperor's retraction of the statement he had made that he had "thrown out his tenant because he was utterly inefficient." A letter has been sent to Sohst containing the emperor's explanation and regrets.

ALLEGED CRUELTY IN NAVY

Complaint Against Commander of Collier to Be Investigated

Washington, April 4.—Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt wired Admiral Doyle, commandant of the Norfolk navy yard, for full particulars of the cruelty complaint filed with him by the crew of the United States collier Neptune against the commander, Captain Tillon.

The men charge Tillon with having kicked and beaten them; having forced firemen into overheated engine rooms when they were ill, and of having put men in irons when they were too ill to work.

DEATH OF "BEARDED LADY"

Mrs. Groves Was Also Noted as the Heaviest Woman In Maine

Brunswick, Me., April 4.—Mrs. Emma Groves, who toured the country a number of years ago as "the bearded and fat lady" and was said to be the biggest woman in Maine, died yesterday afternoon.

She weighed 507 pounds and had a full beard. Her waist line measured five feet and eight inches and she was five feet and six inches in height. Death was due to pneumonia. She was born at Yarmouth, Me., in 1865 and was the wife of Charles W. Groves.

MORGAN DIES IN ROMAN HOTEL

Succumbs to Illness Brought About by Acute Indigestion

COMPLETE COLLAPSE AT END

Extremely Nervous During Last Moments of Consciousness—Unable to Speak, Owing to Paralysis of Throat Muscles—American Physician Blames Pujo Inquiry For Breakdown of Financier

Rome, April 1.—John Pierpont Morgan, the foremost figure in the modern world of finance, died at the Grand hotel yesterday afternoon, after an illness of forty-four days.

During the last eight hours of his life Morgan was in a comatose state most of the time and did not recognize members of his family who were at the bedside. He was kept alive so long only by drugs and by injections of food.

Morgan's death was caused by a complete collapse, brought on by an attack of acute indigestion in Egypt. His nervous condition was shattered and he suffered extreme weakness from his inability to take nourishment naturally, owing to the muscles of the throat being paralyzed.

Anaemia of the brain produced a state of coma. He sank rapidly during the last forty-eight hours of his life, despite all the medical agencies which one of the biggest fortunes in the world could bring to bear in the combat with disease.

Just before the end Morgan relapsed into a state of complete unconsciousness. His temperature was 104 and his pulse raced at 140. His respiration was 48.

Oxygen was administered as a last resort. In an attempt to lower the patient's high fever, ice bags were placed upon the head and breast.

Drs. Bastianelli, Starr and Dixon, who had been in constant attendance, realizing that the end was at hand, so informed Herbert L. Satterlee, son-in-law of Morgan. The members of the Morgan family here then entered the death chamber.

During his last moments of consciousness Morgan had been extremely nervous. Owing to the paralysis of his throat muscles he was unable to speak, so that there are no last words of his. Once he did try to speak. This was when Mr. and Mrs. Satterlee were called to the room. Even then the hand of death seemed on the great financier.

He had been sleeping fitfully. His face was pallid. He was but a shadow of his former self. When his daughter entered the room he seemed to make an effort to speak. But the words never came, for Morgan was practically inarticulate.

He looked from one to another about his bedside. The look was vacant, and it may be doubted that he was able to recognize even his daughter. In tears she turned and left the room. Not long after that Morgan became unconscious and remained so to the end.

As the end approached Morgan showed by the restless movements of his hands that he was suffering acute internal distress. Otherwise he showed no sign of vitality save by his labored breathing.

It is now believed a mistake was made in bringing Morgan here instead of taking him to London, where he could have occupied his own house and would have been away from the noise of a hotel.

During Morgan's last moments the palace was in close touch with his apartments at the hotel. The royal inquiries were numerous and anxious. King Victor Emmanuel has always remembered Morgan's generosity in returning to Italy the famous Ascoli Cope when he learned that it had been stolen.

No definite plans have been announced for the removal of the body. A special ship may be used to transport the remains to New York.

The last religious observances at Morgan's bedside were conducted by Rev. Gardiner Brown of the English Episcopal church in Rome, who visited the sick room a short time before death.

One of the American physicians called into consultation at Morgan's bedside attributed his breakdown and death to the excitement caused by the investigation by the Pujo committee at Washington into the operations of the "money trust."

The news of Morgan's death spread quickly throughout the city. Condolences were quickly forthcoming from the Vatican, the royal palace and from the ministers and other members of the Italian government.

Doctors' Last Bulletin

At noon the physicians issued their last bulletin before the brief one announcing the end. The noon bulletin stated that Morgan had been sinking rapidly. "The question of death may be one of hours," the bulletin read.

Five minutes after this bulletin was given to the newspapermen in the hotel, Morgan was dead. He never awoke from the coma into which he had fallen at 3:50 yesterday morning. At noon his pulse had been 140 and his temperature 104.

Pope Resumes Audiences

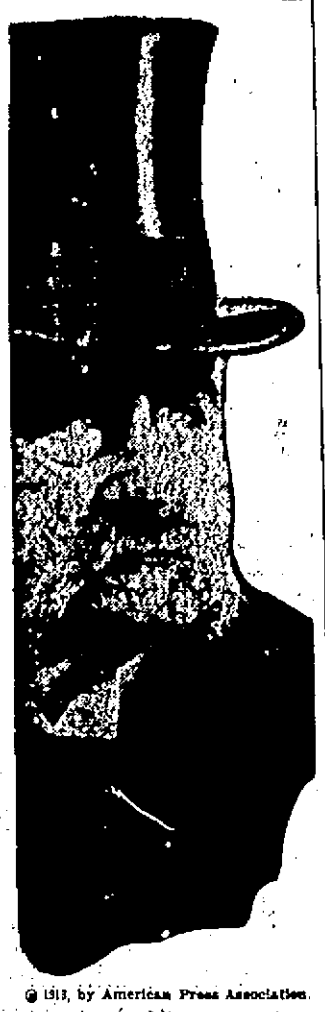
Rome, April 1.—The pope has resumed his audiences, indicating that he has practically recovered from his recent illness.

$816,000 For Flood Relief

Washington, April 3.—Total receipts of the Red Cross for the relief of flood sufferers have reached $816,000.

LATE J. P. MORGAN

Characteristic Snapshot of the Great Financier



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ASKS NATIONS TO RECOGNIZE CHINA

United States Urges Them All to Act in Concert

Washington, April 4.—Secretary Bryan has formally notified all diplomatic representatives here of the intention of the United States to recognize the new Chinese republic on April 8, the meeting day of the assembly, and has formally proposed that all other governments recognize the new republic in concert on that day.

Diplomatists here regard the proposal for a concerted recognition as an action that will clear away any soreness that may have been created by what was called a breach of diplomacy recently when the White House announcement regarding the six-power loan was published here before the foreign governments interested had been notified.

HUERTA QUITS HIS JOB

Member of Madero Cabinet to Be Made Provisional President

El Paso, Tex., April 4.—To satisfy all factions in Mexico, General Huerta has agreed to the naming of Pedro Lascurain as provisional president, according to advices received here directly from the national capital. Lascurain would serve out the uncompleted term of the late President Madero.

As minister of exterior relations in Madero's cabinet, Lascurain is entitled to serve as next in line in view of the deaths of Madero and Vice President Suarez. The Huerta cabinet would be retained by the compromise.

The decision of the present provisional president is said to have been occasioned by the recent uprising of Zapata in the south, which places the Huerta forces between two fires.

ECHO OF RUBBER STRIKE

Five Men Are Sentenced to State Prison For Manslaughter

Cambridge, Mass., April 4.—Tomasso Fittante, Vincenzo Ristagno and Gabriel Lepere were each given from six to ten years in state prison and Luigi Ligaro and Francisco Falbo one year each in the house of correction by Judge Chase on manslaughter charges for causing the death of Francesco Cirrillo, Nov. 17, 1912, during the Hood Rubber company strike at East Watertown.

When sentences were imposed women relatives screamed and cried and had to be quieted by court officers.

WOOL ON FREE LIST

Victory For Democrats Who Have Made Long Fight For It

Washington, April 3.—Removal of all tariff from raw wool has been agreed upon between President Wilson and members of the house committee on ways and means, as the result of conferences that ended yesterday.

The present plan, which will have the unanimous indorsement of the Democratic members of the committee, provides that wool shall be placed on the free list, an end for which the free wool Democrats of the house, led by Representative Underwood, have fought for two years.

A Dishonest Postmaster

Portland, Me., April 4.—Ernest A. Cross, postmaster at Detroit, Me., pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with converting postal funds.

GIVE UP NEWLY PLANTED CROPS

Louisiana Farmers Driven From Their Homes by Floods

CAIRO SITUATION IS CRITICAL

Old Record of Flood Waters Has Been Passed and Rain Is Falling—Smallpox Causes Fear of Epidemic at Paducah—Seventy-One Bodies Have Been Recovered at Hamilton

New Orleans, April 4.—On receipt of reports that 200 families had been driven from their homes in the lowlands of the Atchfalaya river, near Breauxbridge, La., owing to high water, and were in a destitute condition, local relief committees rushed a large quantity of supplies to that section.

The appeal said if immediate aid was not received it was feared many would die of starvation. Inhabitants of the district were principally foreigners who reclaimed a part of their truck farms which were destroyed by last year's flood. Their newly planted crops have been abandoned.

The Situation at Cairo

Cairo, Ills., April 4.—Rain falling in a steady downpour and the rough flood waters washing against the sacks of sand, piled on the concrete levee wall, changed conditions materially here last night.

The flood waters gauge measured last night above the 54.6. The old record of 54.05 has been passed and there is much speculation as to what new one will be established.

Only a few inches separate the surface of the water and the top of the concrete wall.

Ensign Melvin, in charge of the dispatch boat service between Cairo and Mound City, Ills., reported that the levee was still holding at the latter place but that the Ohio waters had backed into Cache river to an alarming height and that the levee back of the town appeared weak. Most of the 600 persons there are now encamped in the courthouse, including two companies of militiamen.

Smallpox in Camp of Negroes

Cincinnati, April 4.—A dispatch from Paducah, Ky., said smallpox had broken out in the camp of negro refugees on Gregory Heights and that 600 negroes on the hill had been quarantined. The white refugee camp is on the same hill and there is fear of an epidemic.

Many Dead at Hamilton

Hamilton, O., April 4.—So far seventy-one bodies of persons drowned in last week's flood have been recovered. It is believed, however, that many bodies have been swept out of the Miami into the Ohio river and perhaps will never be found. A canvass of the city places Hamilton's death list at 150.

Dayton to Ask For Big Loan

Dayton, O., April 2.—"Dayton is facing one of the gravest problems that any city of the world ever faced, and we want the world to know we need money and food for our stricken people," said John H. Patterson, president of the relief committee, after he returned, in company with H. E. Talbott chief engineer, from a tour of sections of Dayton that were swept by the flood last week.

In speaking of a tentative plan to ask the federal government for a loan of $20,000,000 or $40,000,000 to be used in reconstruction work Patterson said:

"At a meeting of bankers and officials of the building associations it was decided to make an appeal for federal aid. The banks and building associations have $60,000,000 worth of assets which they will put up as collateral."

Four bodies were taken from the debris by workmen, bringing the total number of bodies recovered up to 129.

Sixty-Four Dead at Columbus

Columbus, O., March 31.—Reconstruction of the west side of Columbus, where the flood of last Tuesday wrought the heaviest damage, was begun in earnest today by the undaunted citizens of the district, with the assistance of more fortunate residents. Twelve additional bodies were recovered yesterday from the debris, but many of them have been identified as persons previously reported dead, so that the Columbus death list still remains at sixty-four.

Serious Situation in Kentucky

Louisville, Ky., April 3.—A large warehouse of the Rugby Distillery company in the western end of the city, weakened by flood waters, collapsed, releasing to the river about 5000 barrels of whiskey valued at $250,000. The threatened collapse of weakened buildings is the only source of anxiety, as the crest of the flood has passed Louisville.

A carload of provisions was sent to Hawesville, Ky., forty miles east of Owensboro, and which is under from one to four feet of water. Four hundred and fifty families are homeless there.

Comedian Seabrooke Dead

Chicago, April 4.—Thomas Q. Seabrooke, a comic opera comedian for twenty years, died here after a brief illness. He was 53 years old. His home was in New York. He had been in ill-health for several years.

No Money For State Employes

Providence, April 4.—A deadlock in the house has tied up the annual appropriation bill and left the state employes and most of the departments with no money.

WALTER H. PAGE

Editor Who Is Slated For Ambassador to Great Britain

PAGE TAKES BRITISH POST

World's Work Editor Accepts Offer of United States Ambassadorship

Washington, April 1.—Walter H. Page of Garden City, L. I., editor of The World's Work and member of Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers, has accepted President Wilson's offer to be ambassador to Great Britain.

Page's name will be one of the first to go to the senate with other important appointments on April 8. He was born in Cary, N. C. He is 58 years old and a fellow of Johns Hopkins university. Practically all his life has been spent in literary work.

NEXT CHALLENGE TO BE UNCONDITIONAL

Lipton's Plans Temporarily Held Up by Morgan's Death

London, April 4.—Sir Thomas Lipton, undaunted by the refusal of the New York Yacht club to accept the conditions he proposed in his recent challenge for the America's cup, has decided to issue an unconditional challenge. He said:

"Ever since the New York Yacht club rejected the terms proposed in my recent challenge, I have been considering the sending of an unconditional challenge for a series of races. I was just about to take up the details with the Royal Ulster Yacht club when I heard of the death of J. Pierpont Morgan, and suspended the matter; but I will again resume its consideration in a few days."

TO REVEAL SECRETS

Friedmann Will Tell Doctors How to Administer His Vaccine

New York, April 4.—Before he leaves America, Dr. Fredrich F. Friedmann said, he will reveal further secrets of his treatment for tuberculosis which will make it possible for any physician to administer his vaccine.

At present it can be administered only by Friedmann or one of his trained assistants because he has not divulged the method of transposing his culture from its original state to the fluid which is injected into the patient.

He said he would make this knowledge public through "certain channels," which he did not specify.

Cotton Mills Sold For $546,000

Lawrence, Mass., April 1.—The Atlantic cotton mills, including land, buildings, machinery and water power, were sold at public auction to the Pacific mills of this city for $546,000.

FACE FULL OF RED PIMPLES

And Blackheads. On Both Sides of Nose. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Blackheads Gone, Pimples Dried Up and Disappeared.

63 Kendall St., Boston, Mass.—"My face was full of blackheads and red pimples which itched. They were on both sides of my nose. My nose was all sore and a regular scab came on it because I was always trying to do something for it, as when I went out everyone would say, 'Look at your nose. Why don't you do something for it?' I used cold cream and then someone told me to use ———, but nothing did me any good until a lady told me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I used the Cuticura Ointment at night, and when I got up in the morning I washed my face with Cuticura Soap and hot water, as hot as I could bear it. It was only three days when you could see a great improvement in my face. My blackheads are all gone, and my face is fine. The pimples just seemed to dry up and have all disappeared.

"I had some kind of a rash come out on my arms and all I did was to apply Cuticura Ointment at night and in the morning and it disappeared in about a week." (Signed) Miss Mary E. Fortune, Dec. 20, 1911.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Are not only most effective for pimples, blackheads and other disfiguring facial eruptions, but they afford the speediest and most economical treatment for itching, burning, bleeding, and crusted skin and scalp humors, of young and old. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

EXEMPT.

MONEY ON DEPOSIT IN OUR PARTICIPATION (SAVING) ACCOUNT IS NOT LIABLE TO TAXATION.

Deposits made on or before FEBRUARY 15 draw interest from February 1.

Dividends February and August.

Industrial Trust Company.

Office with Newport Trust Co.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the chafing dish.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil

Mica Axle Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Is the boss accessible?" asked the stranger.

"I don't know what that means," answered the boy. "Go in and ask him ourself." —Buffalo Express.

USE

Diamond Hill BIRD

—AND—

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The Scrap Book

Making an Impression.

Bob Dwyer, fresh from college, opened a real estate office in an attractive suburban neighborhood and hoped to make his fortune. For days he sat undisturbed in his little office, staring out at the dusty roads or twiddling his thumbs. On the afternoon of the fourth day he saw a man crossing Ogden boulevard diagonally, headed for his door. Surely this was a customer. He must be made to feel that business was flourishing.

BOB GRABBED THE TELEPHONE.

As the man stepped over the threshold Bob grabbed the telephone, had the receiver at his ear and was talking earnestly into the transmitter.

"That's correct," he said as the man stood before him. "Right. We will accept your fifteen thousand cash tomorrow and let the thirty thousand remainder stand on a ten year mortgage. What? Yes. I'll bring the deed around at 11 tomorrow morning. Goodby!"

Bob hung up the receiver and turned an important visage to the visitor.

"Now, sir," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Why, I just came over," said the man, grinning, "to connect your telephone instrument with the wires."—Harper's Weekly.

Three Days.

So much to do, so little done!
Ah, yesternight I saw the sun
Sink beamless down the vaulted gray—
The ghastly ghost of yesterday.

So little done, so much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But, eager, brave, I'll join the fray
And fight the battle of today.

So much to do, so little done!
But when it's o'er, the victory won,
Oh, then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great, glad tomorrow.
—James R. Gilmore.

A Tragedy in Sandwiches.

The careful hostess happened casually to follow with her eyes a guest who had just taken a ham sandwich. As he took the first bite she noticed an expression on his face which she had not hitherto associated with the consumption of ham sandwiches, and her glance at once ceased to be casual. The guest, unconscious of observation, made his way slowly but surely to the grate and with infinite but sly dexterity cast the sandwich into the fire.

CAST THE SANDWICH INTO THE FIRE.

In great agitation the hostess watched the remaining sandwiches and, with deepening emotion, saw another and another guest execute the same maneuver. She had the rest of the sandwiches removed and tried to forget them for the time being.

A searching investigation when the guests had departed revealed the awful truth. One of her small children had abstracted all the ham from the sandwiches and substituted pieces of an old red flannel garment, carefully trimmed to sandwich size.

Let Your Sun Shine.

Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world because some one had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make today turn suddenly sunshiny for some one.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Witty Count Montrond.

It was Count Montrond who said to Alexandre de Girardin of a young man who was beginning to make a brilliant reputation and whom Girardin did not appreciate, "Hasten to recognize him or he will not recognize you."

His valet waited on him one morning most unsuccessfully. He could find none of the toilet articles. Montrond handed them to him, remarking: "You must admit that you are lucky to have me here. Without me you certainly could not wait upon me."

He Thought It Was Alive.

Gilbert Parker, the English author, tells of an English gentleman who recently came to this country to visit some friends in California. "In common with most travelers he supposed game was plentiful everywhere in that state, so he carried with him the necessary guns and ammunition.

"As his train neared San Bernardino there was a delay. Several hours passed and still the train remained stationary. Our traveler friend sought the porter of the Pullman car to ascertain the cause of the delay.

"It seems that in mounting the grade a freight train had broken apart, the rear portion having descended the grade and blocked the track. The porter informed him of the accident to the freight train and said, 'There is a caboose on the track.'

"Immediately the 'hunter' instinct was awakened. Hastening to his berth, he procured his gun and started for the door, saying:

"'Show it to me! Show it to me!'"—Hearst's Magazine.

In Alcohol.

"How old is Bobby Van Lush?"

"Bobby's about thirty-five."

"Deuced well preserved, Bobby is. He doesn't look a day over fifty!"—Puck.

He who is feared by many fears many.—German Proverb.

MUMMY TRAINS OF BAGDAD.

Bearing the Dried and Salted Dead to Sacred Soil For Burial.

Finding myself not long ago at Bagdad (old home of Sindbad the Sailor), I decided to see for myself just what Eden looks like today, notes a writer in the Christian Herald, and to get acquainted with the people who now inhabit the old traditional homestead of Adam and Eve. I wanted to see Babylon, too, and the excavated palace of King Nebuchadnezzar—where the handwriting appeared on the wall—and I wanted to get a picture of the tower of Babel, which still lifts its battered head above the flat, empty plain of Mesopotamia.

So I crossed the odd pontoon bridge that spans the yellow Tigris at Bagdad, slipped through the massive west gate, passed the supposed tomb of Zobeida and mingled with the pilgrim horde on the great Shia caravan trail that stretches down from Turkestan and Persia, crosses Chaldea and enters the golden domed mosques at Kerbela and Nedjef. Millions have passed this way in the centuries, bringing with them the salted and dried bodies of their dead for burial in the sacred soil outside the walls of their holy Shia cities. Two hundred thousand mummified human bodies have passed through Bagdad in a single year, borne by these Shia devotees.

For miles along this strange highway our "arabaunh," drawn by four galloping mules, passed these weird death caravans, silent and mysterious. The bodies of departed relatives were carried in oblong bundles, lashed to the backs of pack animals. Veiled women rode in queer, cagelike boxes, slung one on each side of a mule or a camel. The men, clad in the round, hard caps and padded clothes peculiar to Persians, marched behind, prodding any lagging donkey or camel.

VIGOR AT SEVENTY.

Great Works Performed by Men Even Beyond That Ripe Age.

Who talks of fifty years as the culminating point in man's career? Were all the great work performed by men even beyond seventy erased from history the human race would be bereft of some very proud achievements.

Jefferson founded a university by his own activity after he had passed threescore years and ten. John Quincy Adams, although he had been president of the United States and five times a foreign minister, wrought as a congressman by far his greatest deeds after he was sixty-five. His robust father sat in a constitutional convention when he was almost a nonagenarian. Franklin did valiant service in helping to frame the constitution of the United States after he had turned a serene and contented eighty.

Seventy saw Gladstone so vigorous that he was still good for the greatest battle of his political life and a premiership.

Germany's first emperor, the venerable William, saw Waterloo as a soldier, but fifty-five years later was directing armies at Sedan and welding an empire after the fall of Paris. John Bigelow at fourscore was mentally as virile as a boy, and his powers as an author were not dimmed.

Frederick Fraley was an active business man, president of a bank and the national board of trade since the Spanish-American war, and yet he was prominent enough in 1844 to serve on a committee that welcomed to Philadelphia Daniel Webster.

Science is making lives longer than they were in the days of our grandfathers and also far more comfortable. The same agency that prolongs bodily vigor will surely lengthen the age of man's most virile mental labor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Heaviest American Brain.

Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, the brain specialist, credits the late Edward H. Knight with having the heaviest American brain on record. Mr. Knight was well known in Washington and was a patent attorney of note. At the time of his death his brain weighed 1,814 grams. General Benjamin F. Butler had a brain which weighed 1,763 grams, the next heaviest recorded, according to Dr. Spitzka. The heaviest brain on record anywhere in the world is given as that of the Russian poet and novelist, Turgenev, which tipped the scales at 2,012 grams.

Rattled.

At a trial in court when the witness on the stand was being subjected to a merciless cross examination in answering one question the witness nodded, whereupon the court stenographer, who was crowding the limit to get it all and could not see the witness, at once demanded, "Answer that question," to which the witness replied: "I did answer it. I nodded my head." The stenographer without a moment's hesitation came right back with, "Well, I heard it rattle, but could not tell whether it was up and down or from side to side."

The "Inthemis."

"Well, James Henry William, did you enjoy yourself at the seaside?"

"Yes, teacher, very much. I liked the sea, but I couldn't find the Inthemis."

"The what, James Henry William?"

"The Inthemis, teacher; where it says in the Bible 'The sea and all that in them is.'"—London Chronicle.

Squaring Himself.

She—Surely, Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He—When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me.

Adam's Good Old Times.

"Just think how Adam would be surprised if he could come back to the earth now." "Yes, I suppose he would be considerably astonished, but I'll bet he wouldn't be here two hours before he'd begin to tell us how much better they used to do things in Eden."

A BELL AND A BARGAIN.

Both Were Well Handled by the Young Man From Vermont.

One day in the year 1851, says the tale, a tall, awkward looking chap, just from the Green mountains of Vermont, went on board one of the North river boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced "peeking," as he called it, into every nook and corner of the boat. The captain's office, the engine room, the barber shop, all underwent his inspection, and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys and various "fixin's" till at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, walked around it, got down on his knees and looked up into it and exclaimed:

"Waal, r'ally, this beats the bell on our meetin' house a darned sight!"

By this time the attention of the captain and several of the passengers was attracted to this genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain.

"Waal, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed and no backing out?"

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat and took hold of the bell rope and, having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first and gradually faster and faster till everybody on board thought the boat on fire and rushed on deck screaming with alarm.

The passengers began to expostulate. The captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clangor should be stopped. All the while there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a cockney chime ringer ever thought of. At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton, but his answer was:

"A fair bargain and no backing out!" And he rang away for dear life.

"Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?"

"Waal, cap'n, I guess I shan't lose nothing if I take $5 and a free passage to New York, but not a darned cent less!"

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket," said the captain, which is why even in those days there ran a saying, "Look out for the young man from Vermont."—Harper's Weekly.

Too Difficult to Retract.

The late Herr Gotthilf Weistein, the famous German book collector, who had a very bad impediment in his speech, once got into an argument with a man to whom he had taken a great dislike. The dispute became hotter and hotter until Weistein completely lost his temper.

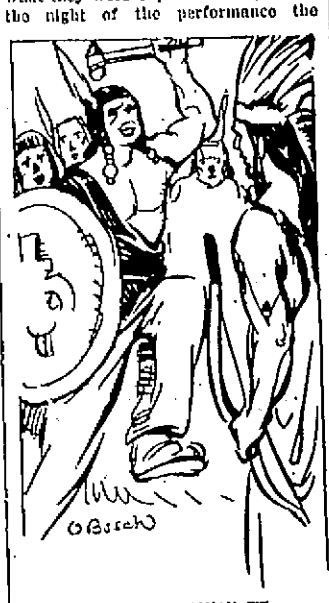
"You're a f-f-f-f-f-f-fool!" he shouted furiously.

"Herr Weistein," replied his opponent coldly, "you must retract that at once!"

"Never!" retorted Weistein. "I'm only too g-g-g-glad to g-g-get it out!"

Embarrassingly Enthusiastic.

Edwin Forrest once produced a play called "Metamora." Supers were engaged to personate Indian warriors, and among them was a bright Irish lad who had a deep admiration for the great tragedian. At a point in the play where Metamora asks, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the supers are supposed to grunt "Ugh, ugh!" The stage manager had carefully drilled them in what they were expected to do, but on the night of the performance the



TWIRLED HIS TOMAHAWK.

young Irishman was so transported by Forrest's acting as quite to forget that he was impersonating an Indian. When Forrest turned to the assembled warriors and thundered forth, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the Irish boy's enthusiasm broke through all restraint. He leaped into the air with a wild shout and twirled his tomahawk about his head as he replied, "Begorra, ye are!"

Got It Overboard.

Once while in a foreign port Admiral Dewey ordered the heaviest hoisting tackle in the ship to be got out of the hold without delay. Nobody knew what it was for, as there was nothing just at that time, either heavy or light, to be taken on board or sent ashore. After two hours' hard work the tackle was in place, and Dewey then ordered that a large chew of tobacco which had been thrown under one of the guns be hoisted overboard and dumped into the sea.

Different Again.

"By Jove, Dobblers," said Chumpleigh, "you don't really mean to tell me that nice girl like that, the only daughter of a charming widow worth $7,000,000, doesn't interest you." "Not in the least," said Dobbers. "I am interesting myself in her mother."—Harper's Weekly.

STAGE HANDS.

From the Important Carpenter Down to the Lowly "Grip."

To the outsider the term stage hand is applied to every one that works behind the footlights except the players, but there is quite an aristocratic line of demarcation.

There are the stage carpenter and the assistant stage carpenter, who build scenery; there are the property man and the assistant property man, who make and shape all kinds of things out of papier mache for properties and look after the furniture and decorations of the stage; there are the fly men, who manipulate the ropes at the top of the theater, hoisting and lowering scenery and also raising and dropping the curtain. The natural habitat of these fly men is on platforms up in the flies, many feet above the stage, and when not otherwise employed they have the disconcerting habit of audibly gossiping and playing cards. Then there are the electrician and his assistants, whose business it is to operate the lights.

The humblest of the regular staff is the "grip." This man handles scenery and does general utility work about the stage. When exigency demands the force is added to from the roustabouts who usually infest the stage entrance, eking out a miserable existence through casual jobs and "sponging" upon the members of the regular staff.—Mary Shaw in London Strand Magazine.

The Inevitable Comment.

A committee of investigating scientists approached a lady.

"Madam," said Professor Prewins, the spokesman, offering her a magnificent chrysanthemum of rare and lovely hue—"madam, permit us to present this flower to you as a token of our high regard."

She clasped the splendid blossom to her lily hand.

Breathlessly the committee awaited her response.

"How beautiful it is!" she answered. "What an exquisite shade of purple! I should love to have a dress of that color."

Dr. Prewins nodded knowingly to the committee, as if to say, "I told you so."

The committee winked at the professor and whispered, "You win."—Newark News.

The Pecan.

It is interesting to record that the first grafting of a pecan tree was accomplished by a negro slave, and it is doubtful whether any other member of the black race has ever performed an economic service to this country that is so signal in its importance. In 1847 Antoine, the slave gardener of Telesphore J. Bonnin of Louisiana, grafted sixteen trees of the variety that is now known as the Centennial. He later succeeded in grafting 110 other pecans, and these were the only grafted nut trees in America before 1805.—Archibald Rutledge in Outing.

SMALLEST BEAST OF PREY.

It Is a True Weasel, but Is Only About Six Inches Long.

The smallest carnivorous animal in the world is an American weasel which is numerous in northwest Canada and Alaska and is occasionally seen about the great lakes. It is a true weasel, but only six inches long, with a tail only one inch in length. All its upper surface is in summer pure umber brown, but the throat, abdomen and inside of the legs are pure white, and, unlike any other weasel, it has no black at the end of the tail; hence, although the animal turns white in the north in winter, it does not show the black tipped tail which characterizes an ermine pelt, and so it is not sought by trappers and fur traders.

This fact, with its small size and secretive life, has made its habits very little known, but they seem to be much like those of other weasels. It feeds on insects, which it finds alive in summer and in winter digs out of rotten logs; upon small birds, etc., but lives mainly on mice. These it can follow into their narrowest holes and runways, for it is scarcely larger than a field mouse itself, or, striking the trail of one, it will trace all its wanderings and as soon as it catches sight of its prey will spring after it with amazing and fatal rapidity.

It is frequently caught by naturalists in their mouse traps. An old Indian told W. H. Osgood of the biological survey, who thus captured one in southern Alaska, that it was a promise of rare good fortune. His brother, he related, had taken one when a boy and had in consequence become a big chief. A good name for this least of the carnivores would be "mouse hunter." It is known to science as Putorius rixosus.—Harper's.

All Fortune Tellers.

"You are accused of swindling people on a fortune telling game," said the district attorney. "Can you really read the past?"

"No."

"Well, I can."

And he proceeded to read the culprit's rather stormy record.

"Can you read the future?" inquired the judge.

"No."

"Well, I can to some extent. At any rate, I can tell you where you'll be for the next two years."—Kansas City Journal.

The Cynic.

"Why don't you want me to marry your daughter?"

"You have no money."

"But I have brains."

"Maybe [illegible] but you don't prove it by [illegible] get married, young man."—[illegible] Herald.

Mutton and No Mutton.

It is odd that a sheep when dead should turn into mutton, all but its head; for, while asking for a shoulder or leg of mutton, we never ask for a mutton's head. But there is a fruit that changes its name still oftener; grapes are so called when fresh, raisins when dried, and plums when in a pudding.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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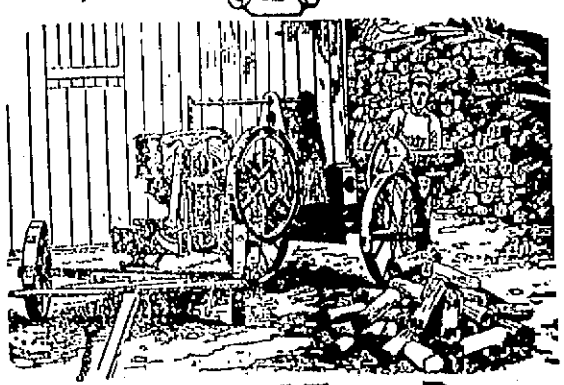

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Sand Cure For Fatigue.

One of the most efficacious cures for fatigue from overwork consists in walking barefoot in sand. The nerves of the sole and heel are slightly irritated by coming in contact with the grains and accelerate the circulation of the blood in all parts of the body. The effect produced is highly invigorating. Besides this, the monotony of an ample extent of yellow sand exercises a soporific effect on the brain which induces sleep.—Exchange.

The Sponsor.

"Say, you told me Baileigh was married and had a large family, and I find him to be a confirmed bachelor."

"He is, in a manner of speaking, but he is wedded to his art, and he has a large family of unpaid bills. Why, man, I stood for most of them."—New York Times.

Modern Cleverness.

"There goes one of our cleverest men."

"Why clever?"

"Well, he's done all his stealing legally."—Detroit Free Press.

Silk Producing Insects.

There are more than 200 species of silk producing insects, though very few of these are of any practical value to mankind.

The Proper Way.

"I wish you wouldn't growl so much," declared the wife, an ex-actress.

"Why shouldn't I growl when the meals are cold?" retorted the husband.

"You took me from the stage to be your wife."

"I did."

"Then if you disapprove of the way I play the part kindly express your disapproval by means of hisses."—Kansas City Journal.

Trials of Wealth.

"Wealth doesn't always bring happiness," remarked the youngster with the large spectacles.

"Naw," asserted the other kid. "Look at me cousin yonder. He's got 2 cents, and he can't decide between lollipops and ice cream."—Pittsburgh Post.

Proof.

"Women are born gamblers."

"That is rather a violent statement."

"It is true. Mighty few of them but are willing to marry."—Houston Post.

To Her Incredible, Otherwise.

He—My brother is making more money than he can spend. She—My goodness! Where's he working? In the mint?—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Precept vs. Practice.

All quiet; the coals crackling in a gossipy sort of a way behind the bars of the grate to the pussy cat purring sleepily on the velvet hearth-rug; clock ticking like silver drops of water upon the mantel-shelf; and Mrs. Ives' needle glancing in and out of her work like a small ray of lightning. The children were all tucked snugly in bed, for Julius like to be quiet when he comes home from business at night and Mrs. Ives was the most devoted and obedient of conjugal partners. It was an exquisitely neat room, a room where the sweet home element predominated in every nook and corner—a room in which a tired business man might look forward all day, as a haven of rest and peace.

The clock struck 8; pussy stretched herself drowsily before the fire and Mr. Ives laid down the paper with a preparatory "Ahem."

"And now, Melissa," he said authoritatively, "you must bring me all the home bills."

Poor little Mrs. Ives started in her rocking chair as if a cannon ball had thundered ominously into the silence of the cosy little apartment. How much she dreaded the nightly recurrence of this domestic ukase was only known to herself. It was the skeleton in the closet—the embittering element of her happy home life—the haunting ghost that no diplomacy had yet enabled her to exorcise. Yet, like a well trained wife as she was, she brought the tiny pocket of bills and sat down meekly at her husband's side, quite prepared to receive and answer any agreeable little remarks which it might graciously occur to him to make.

She was a pretty woman, tall and graceful, with straight, regular features, just touched with fluttering dimples and soft, wistful eyes that looked like brown velvet; a woman whose hands were always delicate and white, no matter in what domestic avocations they were employed—whose dresses seemed to fit by magic, and whose collar was always daintily white and pure.

Nor was Mr. Julius Ives a disagreeable specimen of mankind to look upon. He was large and finely formed, with dark hair, strongly disposed to curl at the ends, and bright black eyes. Yet, nevertheless, there was a certain curve in Mr. Ives' upper lip that favored somewhat of the imperative mood.

"Butter again? That makes seven pounds we have used within the week," groaned Mr. Ives, checking off the various items of the grocer's bill with the little gold chain pencil that hung at his watch chain. "My dear, does Bridget grease the kitchen pans with butter?"

Mrs. Ives' cheeks glowed.

"Now, Julius, what is the use in talking in that sarcastic sort of way? You don't seem to reflect that a family of nine persons cannot subsist on air—and you like to have all the cooking very rich, you know."

"Rich! I should think so. Ham—codfish. By the way, Melissa Jones says they only have fresh meat three times a week—have it cold every other day. Jones' wife knows how to economize, I suppose you haven't the least idea of what becomes of the joints after they leave the table?"

"I have no doubt of Bridget's honesty Julius."

"Oh, no—of course not. But I do think, Melissa, it is a wife's duty to pay some sort of attention to her husband's pocket."

"Our bills are not disproportionately large, Julius."

"They must be, my dear — they must be. Positively it is enough to frighten one, just to run over these items in the housekeeping accounts. More sugar—raisins—olive oil—oyster crackers! Melissa, do I keep a restaurant? If not, where do all these things go?"

Mrs. Ives was silent.

"Bread—steaks—roasting joint—two tons of coal—four boxes of kindling wood. Upon my word!"

Still Mrs. Ives maintained complete taciturnity.

"Melissa," said her husband, placing the bills emphatically on the table, "we must turn over a new leaf—we must, positively. This extravagant system of housekeeping is going to waste me out of house and home. Can't you somehow retrench?"

"How?"

"In a thousand ways, my dear. Why, my mother never spent half the money you contrive to spend, and there were 12 of us."

"Your mother lived on a farm, Julius, and burned wood from her own forests. The butter, cheese and vegetables were from her own dairy—the meat and poultry were in her own barnyard and pasture. I do not think it fair to institute a comparison between her expenses and mine."

"Oh, that's the way you women all talk," said Mr. Ives, impatiently. "All I know is, there must be a screw loose somewhere. You must economize, Melissa!"

"But, Julius—"

"My love, don't you see I'm lighting my cigar? I never can smoke when my mind is disturbed. Suppose you dismiss the subject. I am quite sure that I have stated my wishes on the subject with sufficient distinctiveness."

Mrs. Ives bit her coral lip, and sewed away vigorously on the sleeve of little Jule's new cloth jacket. But if her thoughts could have ascended in a shower bath of words on Mr. Julius Ives' devoted head, how they would have startled him from the calm complacency of his mood.

"Yes, I'll economize," thought Mrs. Melissa, vindictively dragging the thread through the seams. "I'll give him enough of retrenchment. Why will a man relinquish his dignity so far as to interfere in matters he cannot possibly understand? I wonder if he thinks nine people can live on a pint of milk and two roasted potatoes per diem! I wonder if he knows that I make all the bread and pies, and weigh out the tea and coffee, and superintend everything myself. He might know it if he'd take the trouble to inquire, instead of indulging in such sweeping denunciations. I wonder if he ever suspects that I trim my own bonnets, and cut my own dresses, and make the little one's clothes, to save unnecessary outlay. It's almost enough to make a woman wish that she never had got married."

But then Melissa thought of the rosy little ones fast asleep upstairs and concluded on the whole that there were no sunbeams in her lot.

And Mr. Julius, puffing away at his cylinder of tobacco leaf over the columns of the evening paper, mentally congratulated himself upon having put a new idea or two into the system of domestic management.

"Hello Elmer! why surely this isn't you!"

"Well, I don't know whom else it can be," coolly remarked the handsome, bronze-looking gentleman, who had lounged into Mr. Ive's office, "and I've brought Harry Lamarque with me—you remember him, don't you?"

"Remember him!—I should think so. And we haven't met before since our college days. Well, I declare, this is a curious coincidence! You'll both of you come and dine with me at 2, won't you? Come—I am sure you haven't any other engagement, and I should like to introduce you to my wife and babies."

"I'll come," said Elmer, promptly; "I'll engage to bring Lamarque with me."

"But you are not going?"

"I must—I've no end of business to transact; but we'll have a regular old pow-wow of a chat at dinner, Jule, old boy."

Melissa had hardly dispatched her little band of chubby-faced children to school that morning when the little office boy came knocking at the door with a note.

"From Mr. Ives, ma'am—there ain't no answer."

"I shall bring two old college-mates, Elmer and Lamarque, to dinner," it said. "Let the meal be on the table punctually at 2. Yours, ever, JULIUS."

Mrs. Ives folded up the note and deposited it in her secretaire, with a comical smile hovering around her mouth.

"Economy is the order of the day," she thought.

It was a bleak day, toward the last of November, with a raw wind, and sky overcast with leaden clouds, and Mr. Ives' nose was decidedly tinged with blue, as he ushered his two shivering guests into the parlor.

"Walk in gentlemen—walk in and warm yourselves," he said with a hospitable fervor, rubbing his hands.

But, contrary to all his expectations—contrary to the usual domestic arrangements prevailing in the household, the polished grate presented no glowing surface of flames—the air was damp and chilly as that of a mausoleum.

Julius bit his lip and repressed the rather demonstrative expression that was rising to his tongue.

"Be seated, gentlemen; I will rectify this mistake immediately," he said leaving the room.

"How is this? No fire, and the room like a refrigerator!" was his petulant exclamation, as he met his wife in the hall.

"Coal is $15 a ton, Julius—it is necessary for us to economize," returned Melissa, demurely.

"Send Bridget this minute to kindle a fire," said Julius, his teeth chattering. "And—my dear, you are surely not going into the room in that faded shawl and forlorn dress."

"Of course I am; my best silk is beginning to wear, and I can't afford another—I must be as economical as possible."

Julius Ives made a queer grimace; he did not at all like the operation of swallowing his own words. And Melissa walked into the presence of his friends, faded old shawl and all.

"Two o'clock—isn't dinner nearly ready?" asked Mr. Ives, consulting his chronometer with a sort of warning glance at his wife. Melissa rose and at the same instant the dinner bell rang.

Now Mrs. Ives was a capital little housekeeper, who possessed the faculty of getting up tempting dinners and "recherche" deserts on the shortest possible notice, so that Julius naturally expected a repast suitable to the occasion. What was his dismay in beholding the cold hacked joint of yesterday flanked by a few watery potatoes, half a meat pie and a few crackers. There was neither sparkling wine or steaming coffee; nothing but cold water, and no visible desert. Elmer and Lamarque took the seats assigned to them with polite unconsciousness; but Julius looked as black as a thundercloud.

"Melissa—what does this mean?" he whispered.

"Does what mean, my love?" asked Melissa, with a face of the most innocent astonishment in the world.

Just at that moment the six little Iveses all burst into the room, ragged and patched, like so many small candidates for cold victuals. As a general thing Julius was passing proud of his pretty, well-dressed children—now parental complacency was at a discount, and he stamped his foot impatiently.

"Go and get dressed, children," he said, sternly. "What on earth does your nurse mean by allowing you to come down stairs in that outlandish manner?"

"We are drethed, papa," lisped out Master Julius, with the boldness of conscious rectitude. "Mamma laid out the clothes for um—she thays it is econ-econ—"

But Mr. Ives hurried and hustled the little ones out of the room without waiting for any further explanations.

"Melissa," he said earnestly, drawing his wife aside into the bay window, "what is the matter? Are you crazy?"

"Not crazy, love," returned Melissa, sweetly; "only endeavoring to follow the illustrious example of Mrs. Jones, and retrench."

"But, my dear—"

"Pardon me, Julius—you said that my extravagant housekeeping was wasting you out of house and home." I think that, after this, you will hardly venture to make that accusation a second time."

"My dear, I—I was a fool," said Julius, with a choking sensation round the bow of his cravat. "I won't interfere in housekeeping affairs again, I promise you. I am quite convinced that I know nothing whatever about the subject. Hereafter I will leave it in your hands."

"Entirely and without interference?" asked Mrs. Ives, doubtfully.

"Entirely and without interference," returned Mr. Ives, decisively.

Mrs. Ives turned to her puzzled guests.

"Gentlemen, will you walk into the other room?" she asked, with a calm self-possession that rather astonished them. As she spoke the folding-doors were thrown back, revealing an elegant little apartment beyond.

Julius walked to the head of the second dinner table with a most whimsical face. There lay a delicate roast fowl, garnished with rich jellies; savory oysters steamed up from their china tureen, and exactly browned pates were ranged in tempting proximity; the coffee hissed and bubbled in its urn, and a dainty little desert was neatly arranged on the buffet—grapes, jellies and snow-white custards.

Julius Ives' whole countenance had brightened with magical promptitude. He turned round and gave his wife a hearty kiss before he began to carve the chickens.

What Messrs. Elmer and Lamarque thought just then is not chronicled, but when Melissa came in, subsequently, to the after dinner cigars, bright and smiling in her "best silk," with the little Iveses clustered around her, as fresh and rosy as so many pink and white daisies, they must assuredly have concluded that Julius knew what he was about when he married that pretty little woman, with her brown eyes and coral-red mouth.

Before the evening was out, Mr. Ives concluded that his domestic discomfiture was too good a joke to keep to himself, and confided the whole story to his friends.

"Of course Mrs. Ives was right," said Elmer. "To be sure she was," asserted Lamarque. "I tell you what Jule, you made a donkey of yourself that time!"

Nor did Mr. Ives venture to deny the self-evident fact. From that day to this he has never said a word, good, bad or indifferent, about the housekeeping.

Pertinent Question.

Several of them were traveling together in a smoking carriage from Manchester to Glasgow and the conversation turned round to the merits and demerits of various ways of preserving health.

One stout, florid man held forth with great eloquence on the subject.

"Look at me!" he said, "Never a day's sickness in my life, and all due to simple food! Why, gentlemen," he continued, "from the age of 20 to that of 40 I lived an absolutely simple, regular life—no effeminate delicacies, no late hours, no extravagances.

"Every day, in fact, summer and winter, I was in bed regularly at 9 o'clock and up again at 5 in the morning. I worked from 8 to 1, then had dinner, mark my words; after that an hour's exercise; then"—

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the facetious stranger in the corner, "but what were you in for?"—London Answers.

Quick Work.

Residents in rival cities, Jones and Brown, were bragging hard about the excellencies of their respective homes.

"Take our fire brigade," said Jones, after an hour's heated discussion. "Do you know, the other day a fire broke out in our town and within three minutes the engine came along, but it was going so fast that the driver couldn't pull up till he was a mile past the burning house?"

Brown smiled in a superior fashion, "My dear fellow, that's nothing," he said. "One day two men were working on a church steeple in my city and suddenly one of them slipped. A terrible death would have been his only fortunately a spectator had the presence of mind to call the fire brigade on the telephone and they came just in time to catch him in a blanket."—Detroit Free Press.

No Answer.

Senator Borah was talking at a dinner in Boise about an embarrassing question that had been asked at Chicago.

"The question," he said, smiling, went unanswered. It was like little Willie's query.

"A young gentleman was spending the week-end at little Willie's cottage at Atlantic City and on Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the crowded piazza, the young gentleman took Willie on his lap.

"Then, during a pause in the conversation, little Willie looked up at the young gentleman and piped:

"'Am I as heavy as sister Mabel?'"
—Denver Times.

The Difference.

"This," says the guide to the party of Washington tourists, indicating the door of the senate chamber, "is where the senate meets. You know it is sometimes called the 'Millionaires' Club.'"

"Yes," observes a man with a green coupon still sticking in his hat band, "those fellows over in the House have saved their country, but the ones in here have saved their money."

It Made a Difference—Casey was on his deathbed. An attorney had been called in, and with the members of his family gathered about his bedside, Casey was dictating his will.

A thousand dollars to me beloved wife, Mary Ann," said Casey.

"He's sensible to the last," said all the relatives.

"A thousand dollars to me darlin' daughter Maggie," said Casey.

"Ain't it wonderful how sensible he is to the last?" said all the relatives.

"A thousand dollars to me good boy Jimmy," said Casey.

"Sensible he is indeed, right to the last," said all the relatives.

"Two thousand dollars to a poor friend in Ireland named Aloysius Kelly," said Casey.

"Hear him rave, why, the man's as crazy as a loon," said the relatives in chorus.—St. Paul Dispatch.

None to Interfere.—They tell in Nebraska of a clergyman who in the pulpit was a fearless expounder of right and wrong, but who in the domestic circle maintained, for prudential reasons, considerable reserve of speech and action.

On one occasion when this divine visited a neighboring town the editor of the only paper established therein, which never failed to notice the presence of a stranger in town, offered the following, so worded as to prove unwittingly keen:

"Dr. Carrol is once more among us for a brief stay. He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinions or beliefs of others.

"His wife is not with him."—Lippincott's.

"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor, after the examination. "You're in a very serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."

"Operate!" gasped Brown. "Why, I haven't any money for operations. I'm only a poor workingman.

"You're insured, are you not?"

"Yes, but I don't get that until after I'm dead."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor consolingly.

"I understand you had some trouble with your boss."

"Yes, he called me an idiot and I left. Then he sent for me to talk it over."

"Well, what happened?"

"He said he'd take the idiot back, and so I stayed."—Boston Transcript.

Mandy What fo' yo' been goin' to de postoffice so reg'lar? Are yo' correspondin' wif some other female?

Rastus Nope, but since Ah been a-readin' in de papers 'bout dese "conscience funds" Ah kind o' thought Ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us.—Life.

And did he pay you anything?" asked the business man who had employed a young lady as collector.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "he paid me a pretty compliment."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir. He said that was all he could pay today."—Yonkers Statesman

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Silent Suffragists.

The alarming feature of the growing lawlessness of women in England in alleged promotion of the cause of equal suffrage is not the actual violence there committed by a small fraction of the party, but the failure of American suffrage organizations to perceive their duty to follow the mass of English federated societies in disavowal of these acts. This is alarming because it implies one or two things: either that at heart the American party sympathizes with the violent method and is willing to have the cause profit, as they think, by the advertisement it thus receives—which is exactly the attitude of some labor leaders toward the McNamara campaign of dynamite; or that they have a false and dangerous idea of the functions of government and the responsibility of citizens to maintain them.

The English societies under the wise leadership of Mrs. Fawcett, have gone on record creditably against hammer and vitriol and bomb. Up to the moment when this is written the American societies have not only been silent, but in prominent instances have given aid and comfort, sympathy and honor to Mrs. Pankhurst and her hysterical associates. It may well be the fact that American dollars have helped to sustain the bands that have destroyed plateglass windows in Regent Street. It behooves right-meaning suffragists who disapprove of assaults on property and life to reflect on the results of allowing themselves to be counted with the party of violence against the party of reason.

Much as one may speak of the "different conditions" of England and the United States, one has only to hear the frank expressions of many cultivated American women to know that there is in this country a party of violence in embryo. The very terms in which they extenuate the London crimes and misdemeanors reveal their inability to anchor their tempest-tossed minds to the main principle of government — the tacit compact of citizens to abide by the law until it shall have been changed in orderly fashion. They do not see that two wrongs do not make a right, and that the heaviest sense of wrong of a class cannot be allowed to submerge principles of government.

Again, they do not see that in a turbulent and lawless age they are called upon not only to refrain from imitation of the violence of the English militants—which, to their credit, they have done—but to throw their whole force on the side of order and reason. Unless they do this, and do it soon, they must not complain if as organizations they are regarded not as a conservative force to be added to the only polite to accomplish social reforms, but as an encouragement to the firebrand type of reformer.

"As a man thinketh, so he is," and women, under the convenient assumption of the anarchist that "this is war," cannot lend toleration and encouragement to disorder, even in theory, without undermining their own thoughts the basis of civilization, which is obedience of law, with peaceable agitation for its improvement.

It is futile to say that because there is no such violence here American women are not called upon to disavow it. The noxious seeds have blown across the Atlantic and only await favorable conditions to bear fruit. If women are to be prepared for new responsibilities as citizens the women's suffrage organizations ought by positive and downright public declaration and teaching to place the movement in line with the party of reason in England, and thus steady the emotional aberrations of many of their members who are sadly in need of direction.—April Century.

Battlefield Bravery.

Perhaps few stories of battles so thoroughly illustrate cool bravery in the face of real danger as the little incident at a reconnaissance before the battle of Ulundi, of which Lord William Beresford was the hero.

The British were almost led into a terrible trap and discovered the danger only just in time. They turned to retreat, and the Zulus poured in a volley which brought down the gray horse of a mounted infantryman. His rider fell headforemost. The rest thought both man and horse were killed at first, but the former soon struggled to his feet, with his face covered with blood and dazed with his fall.

Lord William Beresford, seeing what had happened, pulled up and, in the face of advancing hordes of yelling savages within easy range, quietly trotted back and told the man to mount behind him.

With a cool courage scarcely second to Lord William's, the man refused, noble fellow that he was, preferring the certain sacrifice of his own life to the probability of destroying his preserver.

The reply was admirable, terse and telling. The savages swarmed closer and closer: bullets rattled around them. The two who lingered were almost within reach of the assegais, and Lord William said:

"Get up or I'll punch your head!"

The man obeyed, and rescuer and rescued escaped.—Pearson's Weekly.

Disguised His Vocation.

"What is your occupation?" asked the good woman as she handed out the fourth roast beef sandwich.

"I am an ex-pounder, madam. My delivery has become impaired and I find it very difficult to get a bout," answered the weary traveler.

Thereupon the one time pugilist took his leave and the good woman murmured. "Poor fellow!"—Judge.

Fairy Tales—"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Borem."

"I can take a drink or let it alone."

"I was detained at the office."

"I will never say a cross word to you, sweetheart."

"I enjoy your sermons so much, Dr. Windy."

"Yes, sir, lots of mornings I have to break the ice in the tub before I take my cold bath."

"We have never had a quarrel since we were married."

"We have spent a perfectly delightful evening, Mr. Gabby."

"My, isn't that a pretty baby! He is the perfect image of his father!"

The operation was successful; also the patient was dead.

The doctor spoke kindly to the mourning widow:

"Marvelous that the poor man lived through so many years of so much disease and suffering!"

"Yes, doctor," the widow replied, "we had tried our best to make him have the operation long, long before this."—Life.

It isn't necessary to have an automobile to run down one's neighbors.—Lake Desert News.

She Liked to Borrow.

Day by day as Mrs. Worth's household and kitchen furniture and groceries slowly disappeared she saw that the moment approached when a final stand must be made. One morning when Jimmy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash boiler," Mrs. Worth determined to act.

"You tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed I will lend her the boiler."

In a little while Jimmy reappeared.

"Ma wants to know what she has borrowed."

"There are a quart of flour," began Mrs. Worth, "a peck of potatoes, a cupful of sugar, a can of coffee, a half pound of lard, some onions and butter and spices, the screwdriver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors"—she paused, recollecting—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles and"—

But Jimmy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again.

"Ma says for you to write 'em down. I forgot some of 'em."

Mrs. Worth sat down with pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember.

Jimmy took the list and disappeared. A half hour later he once more appeared at the back door and announced:

"Ma says if you'll lend her the wash-boiler to carry them in she'll bring 'em home."—Youth's Companion.

A Witty Reply.

Shortly after Governor Hughes of New York was elected the second time, after a bitter campaign, a lawyer from New York wanted to see him and was told to go to the executive mansion in Albany.

It was the first time the lawyer had ever been in the official residence of New York governors, and after Mr. Hughes came into the room the visitor said:

"You have a handsome place here."

"Yes," Mr. Hughes replied, "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."—Saturday Evening Post.

Socialistic.

"Well, Tommy, what do you want to be when you grow up? A lawyer?"

"Naw."

"Oh, I know. You want to be a policeman or an engineer."

"Naw, I don't. I wanna be a bricklayer."

"A bricklayer? Why, that's hard work."

"So's everything. But there's so many days a bricklayer don't hafter work on account of the weather—an' there's so much rotten weather."

Our younger generation is becoming cynical and socialistic, in other words.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unseen but Heard.

A farmer drove into a small town the other day and stopped at the country store. An Edison phonograph had just been installed and the farmer decided to have a few cents' worth of music. The clerk handed him the ear tubes, placed them in proper position and immediately started the machine.

The farmer instantly dropped the tubes and rushed to the door crying:

"Say! Hold on a minute, will you? There's a brass band a-comin' and nobody a-holdin' my horse."—Chicago Journal.

Accepted the Apology.

An Irishman was going along the road when an angry bull rushed at him and tossed him over a fence.

The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, as is the custom of the animal when irritated, whereupon he smiled at the animal and said:

"If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think that you'd thrown me over the fence on purpose."—London Answers.

Took the Count.

"Bobby, you have been fighting with that Simpleton boy again. Did you count ten before you struck him, as I have always told you to do?"

"No, but I was told that somebody counted ten after he landed on me."—Chicago Tribune.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"I was just thinking of the wonderful change a man's countenance undergoes when he lets his beard grow."

"Oh, yes; I've often thought of that. Why don't you quit shaving?"

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

When a girl shows you her photograph, she expects you to say: "Oh but it doesn't do you justice.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

Many a boy has acquired some very good habits by not following in the footsteps of his father.

Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

All must respect those who respect themselves.—Beaconsfield.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person" so they all say, and their husbands say so, too!

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

Two Kinds of Curiosity—Philanthropic Visitor (to jailbird)—My friend, may I ask what it was that brought you here?

Jailbird—The very same thing that brought you here—the desire to poke me nose into other people's business, only I used generally to go in by way of the basement window.

"Jones has cancelled his subscription, said the country editor. "He says there's never anything new in our paper."

"Waal, I'll be ding batted!" exclaimed the general storekeeper, "Why there's somethin' new in it ev'ry week."

"Glad you think so."

"Yaas. The date's al'ays new."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

A Sure Sign—That levity is a subject that is sometimes worth while avoiding has been learned to the sorrow of a would be undertaker.

At a recent examination of the state undertaking board among the questions asked of the many applicants was the following one?

"What do you consider as an infallible sign of death?"

"Crape on door," answered one.—Chicago Journal.

Caller—Is the boss in?

Office Boy—No, sir; he's gone out.

Caller—Will he be back after dinner?

Office Boy—No; that's what he's gone out for.—Judge.

"Those kisses you sold me yesterday are hard and stale," growled a customer at the candy counter. "I thought you claimed to keep only fresh candies."

"We do generally," replied the saleslady. "Those must have come from an old batch."—Phila. Ledger.

"Wanted—A reliable man" read Mrs. Bascom from the advertising columns of the paper. Then she raised her glasses upon her forehead, looked severely at her husband, and remarked: "And the world will wait a considerable number of centuries yet before it gets him."

The Supply Cleaned Up.—"Goin' fishin' next summer?" asked the man who tells tall stories.

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "If you can hit all the fish you said you caught last summer there won't be any use of going fishing next summer."—Washington Star.

His Reason—"I was behind you coming up the street just now," asserted Mrs. Jellus, "and you rubbered at every pretty woman you passed."

"At every stylish woman," corrected Mr. Jellus. "I was just taking notes of the spring gowns, with a view to buying you a handsome one."—Washington Herald.

Styles in Disease—"What seems to be your ailment?" inquired the fashionable physician.

"I hardly know," answered the fashionable patient. "What is in vogue just now?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

Summer Specimens—"I suppose," said the city man, "there are some queer characters around an old village like this."

"You'll find a good many," admitted the native, "when the hotels fill up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Had a puncture, my friend?" asked the passer, with an air of interest. The chauffeur looked up, and swallowed his feelings with a huge gulp.

"No, sir," he replied. "I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot's worn out, you know!"

"Are you going to keep your new cook?"

"I can't tell. We don't know yet whether we suit her."—London Opinion.

"That lawyer of mine has a nerve."

"Why so?"

"Listen to this item in his bill; "For waking up in the night and thinking over your case, five dollars."—Boston Transcript.

Says a woman in her new book; "I hate all men! I loathe their habits! I simply turn fr m all their pleasures with a shudder! I cannot tolerate them in guise of either lover, husband, or friend!" Aside from that, however, we're all right, aren't we?—Phila. Inquirer.

Legal "Oh, the law in that shape will never do!"

Lite "Why, what ails it? It's as simple and plain as I can make it."

Legal "Heavens, man! Do you want to destroy our profession? If you rob law of its mysteries, what is to become of us?"—Chicago News.

"Well, sir," said the fair maiden's father when the young man had been ushered into the private office; "what is your business with me?"

"I have been appointed to serve as a committee of one to notify you that you have been nominated to become my father-in-law."

Pat Mrs. Flannigan, yure mon Moike has just fell off th' scaffoldin' and killed himself, bedad!

Mrs. Flannigan (collapsing in chair) Hivins!

Pat Aisy-aisy! 'Tis only his leg that's bruk. It's rejoiced ye'll be to hear it whin ye thought he was killed fur-r-all—Puck.

"Oh, thank you, said a lady to a laborer, who gave her his seat in a crowded car; "thank you very much."

"That's all right, Mum," was the cheerful rejoinder. As the lady seated herself he added: "Some men niver get up unless a woman's yrung an' pretty, but you see Mum, it makes no difference to me."—Ladies' Home Journal.

One good thing about being a woman is that no matter how large she may get she can always find a hat that will shelter her.—Dallas News.

Another advantage Adam had was that when he came back from a party he didn't have to talk to Eve about what the women had on.—Galveston News.

Pat (lunching beside the trench)—Here comes Father Ryan. Put yer hat on.

Mike—An' phwy should I?

Pat So ye can take it off to his riverince, ye fool.—Boston Transcript.

A shopkeeper had for his virtues obtained the name of "the little rascal." A stranger asked him why the appellation had been given to him.

"To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great rascals."—London Mail.

"I would sugest giving our new mayor three cheers." announced Si Wafflestree at the first meeting of the new town council.

"Make it two cheers," suggested Hiram Waffle. "Remember, we are pledged to economy all along the line."—Washington Herald.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1913.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Rathbone. Capt. Joshua, d. Sept. 5, 1799, ag. 51 y.—Common ground.

Rathbone, Wm. of Joshua and Ann, d. Sept. 6, 1795, ag. 1 y. 6 m.—Common ground.

Rathbone. Valentine, of Joshua and and Elizabeth, d. Oct. 8, 1780, ag. 7 m, 28 d.—Common ground.

Rathbone. Valentine, of Joshua and Elizabeth, d. Sept. 8, 1787, ag. 1 y. 2 m. 2 d.—Common ground.

Rathbone. Abigail, of Joshua and Elizabeth, d. Mar. 8, 1796, ag. 14 d.—Common ground.

Read. Oliver, of Eleazer and Elizabeth, b. Dec. 17, 1797, d. Sept. 20, 1798.—Common ground.

Read. Mary, of Benj. and Mary, d. Sept. 6, 1750, ag. 1 y. 9 m. 15 d.—Common ground.

Read. Nathan, of John and Mary, d. Dec. 9, 1771, ag. 8 y.—Common ground.

Read, Wm. Corey, of John and Mary, d. Aug. 1758, ag. 18 m. 2 w. 3 d.—Common ground.

Read. Mary, of Wm. and Sarah, d. Feb. 17, 1781, ag. 2 y. 7 m. 25 d.—Common ground.

Reape, Wm. d. Aug. 6, 1670, ag. 42 yrs.—Common ground.

Redwood. Abraham, Esq., d. Mar. 8, 1788, ag. 78.—Coggeshall ground.

Redwood, William, son of Abraham, d. May 6, 1784, ag. 58 yrs.—Coggeshall ground.

Record, John, d. Aug. 12, 1718, ag. 40 yrs.—Common ground.

Reed, Catharine, of Capt. Oliver and Mary, d. June 21, 1788, ag. 17 y.—Common ground.

Remmington, Elizabeth, d. Aug. 27, 1718, ag. 64 y.—Common ground.

Remington, Sarah, wife of John, d. May 20, 1702, ag. 40 y.—Common ground.

Reynolds, Benj. of Benj. and Ruth, d. Oct. 18, 1751.—Common ground.

Remson, Cath. of Abraham and Freelove, d. June 27, 1767, ag. 10 weeks.—Common ground.

Richardson, Ebenezer, Esq., d. June 17, 1785, ag. 85 yrs.—Common ground.

Richardson, Ebenezer, of Ebenezer and Keziah, d. Dec. 30, 1774, ag. 37 yrs.—Common ground.

Richardson, Elizabeth of Ebenezer and Keziah, d. Aug. 15, 1781, ag. 4 m. 15 d.—Common ground.

Richardson, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas, d. June 14, 1772, ag. 52.—Common ground.

Richardson, Elizabeth, of Capt. Thomas and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 20, 1760, ag. 6 m. 15 d.—Common ground.

Richardson, Elizabeth, of Capt. John and Elizabeth, d. Nov. 7, 1758, ag. 10 m. 22 d.—Common ground.

Richardson, Keziah, wife of Ebenezer, d. Sept. 18, 1756, ag. 57 yrs.—Common ground.

Richardson, Joanna, of Capt. Tho's and Elizabeth, d. Oct. 10, 1788, ag. 1 y 6 m. 9 d.—Common ground.

Richardson, Mary, wife of Thomas, d. July 29, 1740, ag. 74.—Clifton ground.

Richardson, Margaret, of Capt. Tho's and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 28, 1752, ag. 25 days.—Common ground.

Richardson, Ruth, 2d wife of Ebenezer, d. Oct. 22, 1774, ag. 65 yrs.—Common ground.

Richardson, Sarah, of Ebenezer and Keziah, d. April 16, 1769, ag. 36 yrs.—Common ground.

Richardson, Thomas of Capt. Tho's and Elizabeth, d. Sept. 7, 1782, ag. 34 yrs.—Common ground.

To be continued.

Queries

7294. SKINNER — Further information wanted on the following: Mason Skinner, m. July 9, 1809 Relief Batchelder, both of Bristol. Ref. Me. Hist. Mag.

Monroe I. Skinner, m. Mar. 28, 1854, Phebe Eliz. Atwater, b. Homer, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1831.

Mary Selina Skinner, m. Dr. Chas. Henry Taylor, of Redlands, Cal. Ref. Thurston Gene.

Mary Skinner, m. Daniel Bunton, Jan. 3, 1722.

Mary Ann Skinner, m. Jonathan Coon Williams. Ref. Emmons Fam.

Mary Skinner, m. Enos Baker. Ref. Lewisiana, Jan. 1907.

Mary Skinner, d. May 5, 1818 aged 28, b. 1780.

Mary Skinner, m. Elisha Andrews, July 5, 1781, b. Aug. 17, 1755, of Easbury. Ref. Andrews Meme.

Mary Skinner, cap. Feb. 12, 1761, m. Walter Burt 2nd w. pub. Feb. 8, 1792, of Wilbraham, Mass., b. Oct. 30, 1767.

Mary Skinner, m. Feb. 1, 1818 Ira Kimball, he b. Hopkinton, N. H. May 25, 1897, d. 1870, she d. 1836. He served in War of 1812. Ref. Kimball Gene.

Mary Skinner m. Henry Davis. Ref. Thurston Gene. p. 248.

Mary Skinner, m. Oct. 24, 1751 John Craige. Ref. Wrentham Records Sterling Gene. p. 1039.

Mary Ann Skinner, b. Nov. 24, 1805, Glen Falls, N. Y. m. Leonard B. Chapin, Nov. 24, 1825, he b. Apr. 1, 1795, Leyden, Mass.

Mary F. Skinner, m. Gardner Mills, he b. 1773, d. 1875, aged 71. Ref. Stiles' Windsor, vol. 2. p. 500.

Mary Skinner, m. Horatio Dow, M. D. 1821, he b. Ashford, Conn., Jan. 30, 1793, lived in Vernon, 14 years.

Mary Skinner of Wlousted, b. Mar. 15, 1794, d. Jan. 13, 1864, m. Milo Burr Mar. 1, 1825, he b. Jan. 1, 1797. Ref. Hist. of Torrington, Conn. p. 662. Loomis Gene.

Mary Skinner, m. Oct. 18, 1842 Francis Pelton, b. Feb. 28, 1819, she d. Oct. 20, 1842. No children. Ref. Pelton Gene.

Mary Skinner, m. Mar. 9, 1826, Elba, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. David Barr.—N. R. F.

7295. BILLINGS—Was Amy Billings the mother of Gov. Richard Ward? "Savage" speaking of Thomas, says: "By his first wife he had two daughters only, Mary and Margaret, neither of whom left issue that lived to be married. By his second wife had two sons only, Thomas and Richard." John Ward in his "Memorial of Samuel Ward" says Richard's mother was Amy Smith. I have seen similar statements in a number of other places.—E. F.

7296. WARD—I should like to ascertain if possible, but I am afraid that is out of the question—who was the wife of Gov. Ward's grandfather, John Ward, who died in 1698. "Austin" says his wife may possibly be Phebe Ward mentioned in the will of William Fenner as his sister.—E. F.

7297. CLARKE—Was William Clarke father of Mary Clark who married Richard Tew, grandfather of Amy Billings? That William Clark mentioned on the last line of p. 210, vol. 20, New England Register.—E. F.

7298. SAYLES—I want to ascertain the parentage of John Sayles who died 1681, and who married Mary, daughter of Roger Williams. Among the book notices in vol. 60 of the New England Register, I find mentioned, "John Sayles of England by Henry Sayles, Chepachet, R. I." I am not sure whether the book was ever published; I cannot find it in the Library here.—E. F.

ANSWERS.

7813. JONES—I think that N. E. W. is mistaken in saying that Frederick Jones Whiting was the grandson of Col. John Whiting. Col. John was I think a much younger man than the grandfather of Frederick was. Write Mrs. Edward D. Reed, 282 Lexington Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., for information.—N. R. F.

7817. RICHMOND—I don't find Wealthy Richmond in the Richmond Gene.—N. R. F.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The annual election of officers at St. Paul's Church resulted as follows:
Senior Warden—Benjamin S. Anthony.
Junior Warden—Franklin Porter.
Vestrymen—Herbert B. Ashley, Benjamin A. Chase, William B. Anthony, Frederick P. Cooke, B. Earl Anthony, Colby Mitchell and John L. Borden.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention—Franklin Porter, William B. Anthony, B. Earl Anthony.
Substitutes—Benjamin S. Anthony, Colby C. Mitchell, Frederick C. Cooke.
Delegates to Providence Convocation—Franklin Porter, William B. Anthony, B. Earl Anthony.
Substitutes—Benjamin S. Anthony, Colby C. Mitchell, Frederick C. Cooke.
Treasurer—William B. Anthony.
Secretary—B. Earl Anthony.
Auditor—Franklin Porter.
Committee on Burial Grounds—Miss Fannie Hicks, William B. Anthony.

The funeral of Ivory P. Lowe took place at his late home on Glen street, Thursday afternoon. Rev. Albert Loucks conducted the services, assisted by Rev. Joseph Lambert of Portsmouth. There were many beautiful floral tributes. The bearers were Robert Almy, Michael J. Murphy, Albert E. Walker and Benjamin Percival Sherman; the burial was in the Union Cemetery. Mr. Lowe was born in Scarboro, Maine, and came here about 15 years ago, taking charge of the wheelwright department in Mr. Michael J. Murphy's shop. He is survived by a widow, a son, Charles W. Lowe, of Malden, Mass., and a daughter, Mrs. William H. Brown of Exeter, N. H.

At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Church the following officers were elected:
President—Miss Hattie G. Anthony.
Vice President—Mrs. William B. Anthony.
Secretary—Miss Abbie Anthony.
Treasurer—Miss Fannie Hicks.
Collector—Miss Grace Hicks.
Work Committee—Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman, Miss Grace Hicks and Mrs. Charles L. Freeborn.
Fancy Work Committee—Mrs. John M. Eldridge, Mrs. George I. Anthony, Mrs. Frederick Chase.

It was voted to hold the annual lawn party July 16th. The reports of the officers were read at this time.

Six delegates of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and six from the junior branch went to Providence on Saturday to attend the semi-annual Convention of the State Union. The delegates were Mrs. Charles Grinnell, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet, Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman, Mrs. George R. Hicks, Mrs. George A. Faulkner of the senior union, and Misses Marguerite and Grace Holman, Miss M. Finis Macomber, Miss Amy E. Sherman, Miss Marjorie T. Hicks and Miss Helen Walker of the junior branch.

Frederick A. Lawton and Theodore Lawton have gone to Owego, N. Y., where they are to be in the employ of the Lane Construction Co. Messrs. Elliott Anthony and Abner P. Lawton who have been in the employ of the Lane Co., in Florida, have left for home and after spending some time here will go to other places for their summer work, the former to Northfield, Mass., and the latter to West Springfield.

Miss Sarah J. Eddy has moulded in clay a bust of Rev. James H. Dennis which is considered a wonderful likeness. It is to be cast in metal. Miss Eddy has also made in clay a likeness of her father, which is now being cast in the Gorham Silver Works in Providence. This work was done partly from photographs and partly from memory.

At the Conference of the Christian Churches last week, Mrs. Charles G. Russell of New Bedford, read a paper entitled "An Active Cradle Roll." Miss Edith Frances of Fall River gave an address on "A Working Home Department." Rev. Mr. Hadley gave a talk on "Mission Study."

Miss Etta M. Sherman of this town, and Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham of Middletown, are to go with a party to Zurich, Switzerland, in June to attend the world's Sunday School Convention. They are to visit other points of interest and will be absent about two months.

Mrs. William Burke celebrated her 84th birthday quietly at her home on Bristol Ferry Road last week. Mr. Alfred Patterson, of Boston, who has just returned from a trip to the Panama Canal was guest of Mrs. Burke. She received many gifts.

The schools closed on Friday for a vacation of two weeks. Martha Gollands Eddy of Vaucluse school will spend her vacation in New York and Brooklyn. Miss Minnie E. Brophy will be the guest of her parent, Mrs. Joseph Brophy of Westport.

Mrs. Olive G. Hicks is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Horace Gilmore of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Everett Gray have gone to Providence for the summer.

Mrs. Lucy Anthony has as guest Miss Sarah Mott of Providence.

Lands End Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, held its first annual memorial service for deceased members in Music Hall on Sunday afternoon. Dictator F. W. Putman presided and the ritual was conducted by the officers of the lodge. The address was delivered by Rev. G. A. Hulbert, pastor of the United Congregational Church, his subject being "Immortality." During the year the lodge has lost two members by death, Richard B. Graham and Herbert Barney.

The Savings Bank of Newport

(INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.)

NOTICE.

The laws of Rhode Island require Savings Banks to publish in the month of July, 1913, a list of depositors whose books have not been presented at the bank within twenty years prior to June 30, 1913.

To avoid such publication, depositors and custodians of bank books are requested to present them at the bank to be written up.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

3-1-tf

Down to the Minute

That's us. Gas stoves have come to stay. They've passed the experimental stage. The stove of to-day is a perfect adaptation of principle to use. We saw it coming seasons ago; We watched for its arrival—it's here.

This stove is a better satisifier than any coal burner ever aspired to be. Greater capacity, more even work, less attention, less cost to run; no care. A full line of samples.

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Jamestown Election.

There was a bitter fight at the annual town meeting in Jamestown on Wednesday and resulted in a big victory for the Progressives. Over some of the offices there was no contest, but where there was a fight the Progressives won out in each instance. The vote was as follows:

Moderator.
Henry T. Knowles, R. 94
Benjamin E. Hull, P. 189

Town Clerk.
William H. Severance, R. and P. 232

Town Council
W. A. Barber, R. 94
R. P. G. Hull, P. 141
J. E. Brayman, R. and P. 232
J. R. Caswell, R. and P. 227
I. H. Clarke, R. 88
G. W. Peckham, Jr., P. 148
W. L. Arnold, R. 93
H. H. Head, P. 143

Town Treasurer.
E. G. Knowles, R. and P. 227

Town Auditors.
F. Armbrust, R. and P. 230
G. Howland, R. and P. 237

Town Sergeant.
Robert E. Sherman, R. and P. 228

Assessor of Taxes.
Henry B. Tucker, R. and P. 231

Tax Collector.
Harry S. Stubbs, R. 108
Leroy F. Meredith, P. 127

Overseer of the Poor.
Herbert A. Gardner, R. and P. 228

School Committee.
George H. Carr, R. and P. 232

Ferry Committee.
Nathaniel S. Littlefield, R. 101
George C. Carr, P. 184

CARR'S.

The Maxwell Mystery.,
By Carolyn Wells.

The Parasite.
By Helen R. Martin.

Stella Maris,
By W. J. Locke.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.
Tell. 633.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Patrick H. Welch and Mary Ellen Welch, wife of said Patrick H. Welch to Ruth Peckham and Paul T. Peckham, bearing date October 30th, A. D. 1907, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Mortgages, Volume 41, at pages 192 and 193, breach of the conditions of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the holder of the mortgaged will sell at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on the 5th day of April, A. D., at twelve o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Patrick H. Welch and Mary Ellen Welch had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did convey by said mortgage in and to that certain parcel of land situate in the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, described as follows: Beginning at a point on the southerly side of Thurston Avenue, ten hundred and forty-two and twenty-five one-hundredths (1042.21) feet, westerly from Broadway; thence running westerly one hundred and twenty-six and twenty-five one hundredths (126.25) feet, more or less, bounded northerly by Thurston Avenue; thence running northerly two hundred and forty (240) feet, more or less, bounded easterly by a way forty (40) feet wide, leading from Thurston Avenue to Bellevue Avenue; thence westerly along the southerly side of Bellevue Avenue, one hundred and ninety-seven and five tenths (197.5) feet, more or less, to land of John L. Cummings; thence southerly, bounded westerly by land now, or formerly, belonging to said Cummings, seven hundred and sixty-seven (767) feet, more or less, to Malbone Avenue; thence easterly one hundred and forty-six (146) feet; along the northerly side of Malbone Avenue to land of Home for Friendless Children, thence turning and running northerly, bounded easterly by land of said Home for Friendless Children, seven hundred and fifteen feet and thirty-five one hundredths (715.35) feet, more or less; thence turning and running north-westerly, bounded north-easterly by land of Eliza S. Thurston; Clarence C. Thurston and Sarah C. Thurston, his wife, in her right, thirty-six and five-tenths (36.5) feet, more or less, to the point of beginning, this last aforesaid line being at right angles with the southerly side of Thurston Avenue; said tract or parcel of land containing one hundred and forty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-six (142,456) square feet, more or less, being the same premises conveyed by Ruth Peckham and Paul T. Peckham, to said Patrick H. Welch by deed bearing date the 30th day of October, A. D. 1907. Said premises being all that was granted by said mortgage deed which deed is made a part hereof.

The holder of said mortgage hereby gives notice of his intention to bid for said property at said sale.

ISRAEL J. JOSEPHSON,
Holder of Mortgage.

3-15-4w

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by Patrick H. Welch and Mary E. Welch (in the right of the said Mary E. Welch), both of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island to Israel J. Josephson, of said City of Newport, bearing date the 23d day of June, A. D. 1909, and recorded in Volume 45 of Mortgages, Land Evidence of Newport, at pages 216 to 218, there having been default in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, which default still exists, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in the City of Newport, on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1913, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, all those certain three lots of land located in said City of Newport known and delineated on a plat of lands made by Captain Cotton, C. E., as lots No. 37, 38 and 39, bounded and described as follows: North on a proposed street or way leading from Malbone Road to Thurston Avenue, one hundred and twenty feet; East by land of I. J. Josephson, seventy-five feet; West by other land of Mary E. Welch, seventy-five feet, and South by land of the Home for Friendless Children, one hundred and twenty feet, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

The mortgagee hereby gives notice of his intention to bid for said property at said sale.

ISRAEL J. JOSEPHSON,
Mortgagee.

3-15-4w

Notice to Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS
AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.
GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

6-15

The Sociologist—Are you interested in old-age pensions?

The Suffragette (indignantly)—I like your nerve, sir!

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 31, 1913.

Estate of Lorenzo Littlefield.

REQUEST in writing is made by Clarence Littlefield, of Pawtucket, R. I., one of the two heirs at law, next of kin and residuary legatees and devisees, under the Will of Lorenzo Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, that the said Clarence Littlefield, of Pawtucket, R. I., or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator de bonis non, with the Will annexed, on the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 7th day of April, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

3-15-3w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., March 17, A. D. 1913.

Estate of Susan O. Chase.

DANIEL M. CHASE presents to this Court his petition in writing, praying that an instrument in writing therewith presented, bearing date September 23, 1904, purporting to be the last will and testament of Susan O. Chase, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, may be proved and allowed and letters testamentary issued to him, as the sole Executor thereof.

It is ordered that said petition be referred for consideration, to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of April next, A. D. 1913, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

3-22-3w

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11-15

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A man says: If the shoe fits, put it on.

A woman says: If the shoe fits, get a size smaller.—Life.